

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 16, No. 21. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Prop.)

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 4, 1903.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum [in advance], \$2. Whole No. 801

Things in General

THE Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Sir Gilbert Parker, it appears, are at the bad business of soliciting alms for Canada through the columns of the London "Times." The appeal is made, according to the brief cable despatches which have been received, in behalf of the Diocese of New Westminster, and ten thousand pounds is the modest amount which the British public are asked to subscribe. I am not in possession of details as to the purposes for which so large a sum is alleged to be necessary, but I cannot conceive of the needs of any religious or charitable work in any corner of the Dominion being so extensive or so urgent that the people of Great Britain should be called upon to contribute such a sum as fifty thousand dollars. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land is the Rev. Dr. Machray, a fine missionary bishop, but a prelate who has never been truly in touch with Canadian sentiment or whose experience extends outside of the waste places of the far North-West, where everything in the religious line has been imported or contributed from afar, from prayer-books to parsons and from the surplus on the priest's back to the wine in the church demijohn. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that Archbishop Machray, who is that most inconsistent mixture, a Scot by race and an Anglican by persuasion, should still regard Canada as a primitive country and its people a poverty-stricken pack who must look to the Mother Land for the wherewithal to lift them out of barbarism. It is surprising, however, to find attached to such an appeal the name of Sir Gilbert Parker, who must understand something of Canadian spirit even though he is not by any means a typical Canadian. I do not think that either the Archbishop of Rupert's Land or anyone else has the right to place this country in a false and humiliating position by a begging letter in the "Times" at this particular juncture when we are boasting of unprecedented prosperity and when the English press is telling us that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for not contributing to the cost of Imperial defence. The time has surely come for the mass of English Churchmen in Canada, if they value their Canadian independence and the good name of their church, to insist that the latter shall cease appearing before the British public as a mendicant and poverty-stricken institution. What attempt has been made to raise in Canada the sum mentioned by Archbishop Machray as necessary to carry on the work of salvation in the New Westminster diocese? How many Canadians, even those of the Anglican communion, have been made aware that such an amount is needed? These are questions which it is pertinent to ask, and to which Archbishop Machray or his colleagues in missionary work in the West should vouchsafe a candid answer.

The whole system of alms-asking abroad for work which should be shouldered by those at home, is of a piece with the practice of accepting private benefactions for public objects, which in recent years has become so widespread in this country and in the United States. Men of means are looked to to provide the public with luxuries which should be paid for by those who use them. Every upstart who has amassed a fortune by questionable methods can establish a reputation as a philanthropist by giving back to the public a portion of his ill-gotten gains. Wealthy cities do not hesitate to solicit the gifts of notoriety-loving millionaires. The public conscience has been dulled and public spirit has been impoverished by the constantly recurring spectacle of mendacity on the one hand and patronizing largesse on the other. There are doubtless thousands of persons in Toronto who will condemn Archbishop Machray for begging the pounds and shillings of the British public for work which should be done by Canadians, who would justify Toronto's acceptance of Andrew Carnegie's money for a public library. Yet the latter is a case of begging as palpable as the former, and more discreditable, if possible, to national self-respect. Carnegie does not give his thousands except to those who have solicited them. Toronto, or some one on its behalf, had to petition for a gift before it could be offered. A new public library is a much less urgent requirement in Toronto than the carrying on of church work in the West, for seeking subscriptions to which from the overburdened British public Archbishop Machray is being justly criticized. Toronto's example in the Carnegie matter is certain to be used by smaller places throughout Ontario as precedent for coolly soliciting similar endowments, to the hurt of communal independence and of public spirit. Already one town, Owen Sound, which has had a library restricted to the use of paying members, is taking steps to convert it into a public library, with the avowed object of then "touching" Mr. Carnegie for a gift. Such a proceeding ought to be regarded as demoralizing to self-respect, if it is not so regarded. The characteristic weakness of the age seems to be the desire to get something for nothing; individuals, municipalities and public bodies, churches and colleges, are all apparently on the chase for things which they have not become entitled to by their own efforts. It is the day of the bargain counter, the begging letter, and the get-rich-quick scheme. The inevitable result is that burdens are not fairly apportioned and those who enjoy advantages are not the ones who must pay for them. When public opinion is restored to a healthy state, as it will undoubtedly be upon such matters, men will be too self-reliant to accept gifts which come with the odor of charity clinging to them, and too proud to ask others to bear financial burdens which they did not create.

NOW that the fight in the Legislature is over and the Government has carried its point in sending the Gamey charges to a judicial commission for investigation, no good end can be served by the continual discussion of the matter by the party press. The public is tired of ex parte statements and arguments, and anxious only for the facts. If the facts are not properly exposed by the judicial commission the public will justify the Opposition in opening up the whole thing again in the House. But until the Commission gets to work and shows whether it is going to be an effective inquiry or not the matter of the Gamey allegations and the Government's defense might well be dropped by the newspapers of both sides. "Saturday Night's" position was so clearly stated that it could not be misunderstood. This paper strongly favored investigation by committee of the House in preference to a judicial commission, and made no bones about saying that the former would have been the right and proper course. But now that the charges have been sent to a commission, "Saturday Night" accepts the situation and awaits the result of the investigation, with the determination not to prejudice either of the parties or to discuss the evidence until it is all in.

THE spectacle of Hon. John Costigan leading the House of Commons like a Seventeenth of March parade is funny, but not reassuring to believers in popular government. No resolution ever introduced in the Canadian Parliament could have been more ill-timed than the Home Rule resolution adopted last Tuesday night by a vote of 102 to 41. The troubles of the Irish were never in such a fair way to be settled by the British Parliament upon its own initiative and by a method which will remove the foundation of every real grievance by giving back to the people their land. The land question has been at the root of Ireland's political unrest. At a time when the British Parliament is prepared to vote a fabulous sum in order to settle the land question, and the Irish leaders are friendly to this course, it is surely a piece of impertinence for Canada to chip in with the suggestion that Home Rule is the right thing and the only right thing. Of course nobody in this country takes either John Costigan or his resolution seriously. It is thoroughly understood that the whole thing is a beautiful play to the gallery. But the same truth will not be apprehended in England or Ireland. Canada has so much business of her own to look after that it is simply preposterous for her to be worrying over other people's affairs. It is argued that since the Canadian Parliament passed a resolution concerning South Africa at the instance of the Imperial authorities, the latter cannot object if it passes another concerning Ireland at its own instance. This may be true, and yet there must be an end somewhere to our going outside the matters that concern us. The circumstances lead-

ing up to the resolution on the Transvaal embroilie were quite extraordinary. The Canadian Parliament could not have declined to put itself on record without seeming to betray the Imperial cause and censure British diplomacy. Yet it was perhaps an unwise course, if not constitutionally unwarrantable, for the Home Government to ask the Colonial Parliaments to meddle with a matter in the direction of which they had no voice. In future it would be well for both the British Government and the Government of Canada to adhere strictly to the safe rule of each minding its own business. A splendid opportunity of creating a precedent in this direction arose when the truculent Mr. Costigan introduced his Home Rule resolution. The opportunity was lost, or rather perverted, through the uncontrollable desire of the leaders on both sides, as well as many of their followers, to make a little party and personal capital with voters of Irish descent. Forty-one members, however, opposed the resolution. Now that the Canadian House has for the second time so emphatically advised the British House of Commons upon this matter, let us hope that Mr. Costigan and all of his ilk will be satisfied to let the matter rest, without demanding a recount.

"MAN'S inhumanity to man," declares the poet, "makes countless thousands mourn" and the same might be said of man's uncharity to man. Whatever may have been the crime with which Sir Hector Macdonald stood charged, it seems to me a pitiful thing that judgment should be executed on his helpless clay, yet the cables have told how the mortal remains of this man, who was the idol of the Scotch nation, and whom kings and princes, as well as the common people, had delighted to honor, were "shoved into a one-horse van, covered with advertisements, which drove across London to King's Cross Station followed by two cabs," and were then "deposited on the floor of a dirty luggage van

partisan observer, look extremely fair, not to say magnanimous.

Of course it is difficult, and always will be, under our system of representative government, to do justice to minorities under any system of subdividing the country that may be devised. The new unit of representation is 25,367. That is to say, each and every member of Parliament is supposed to represent as nearly as may be that number of people. Adhering to county boundaries, it is manifestly difficult to meet this condition even approximately. Some counties have more than the requisite population for one member, yet not enough for two. Russell, for example, has 35,000 population, and Kent has 31,000. Other counties have much less than 25,367 population, but cannot be deprived of the right to elect one member while the principle of preserving county boundaries is maintained. Frontenac has only 12,000, Peel 13,687, Carleton 19,377. Numerous cases of the sort might be cited. It is possible that in the next Parliament hardly a single member will represent the true unit of representation, namely, 25,367, though all may do so approximately. But the same may be said of the system introduced by Sir John A. Macdonald under which counties were carved and butchered into fearful and wonderful shapes and combinations, with the ostensible object of equalizing the representation, but really for the purpose of securing party advantage. No absolutely just and perfect system can be worked out. Quebec, where county boundaries have not been violated, elects sixty Liberals and only five Conservatives, though the total vote polled by the former is but 115,000 and that for the latter 90,000. This looks unjust, and is unjust. But how is a remedy to be applied? If, on the one hand, county boundaries are violated, the door is thrown wide open for the graver injustice of a gerrymander, and in addition the communal sense of those inhabiting the same county is outraged. If municipal boundaries are

good business reason for continuing the line from Mexico through the Central American States to the route of the canal, as the rails would be a factor for some years to come in conveying supplies and material to the canal builders. It has been estimated that to fill in all the gaps to complete the line to Buenos Ayres would cost \$200,000,000, and it is said that Andrew Carnegie is taking a great interest in the scheme. But it is very doubtful, after all, if such a line will ever be in operation. Between South and North America there is comparatively little social intercourse or community of feeling, nor is there likely to be more travel than can be adequately handled along the cheap if slow coasting routes. An all-rail line could not compete with the water route in hauling freights north and south. So what would there be for ten thousand miles of railway to do, apart from the traffic on local sections? After all, the highways of the world's commerce lie east and west, not north and south. There are political reasons for the Cape to Cairo railway, but such incentives do not promise much for the newly-hatched Yankee project.

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TWO or three weeks ago I discussed at some length the legal status of trades unions in this country, and referred to the rumor that the Dominion Parliament was to be asked to pass legislation to protect the unions from such judgments as the Taff Vale decision in England. Now it is stated that the Ontario Legislature also is to be asked for protective legislation, and the enactments which it will be requested to place on the statute book have appeared in the newspapers in the form of resolutions. The subject is an important one, and I give below the clauses of the proposed bill in full:

1. No trade union or any combination of workmen or employees in Ontario, nor the trustees of any such union or combination in their representative capacity, shall be liable in damages for any wrongful act of commission or omission in connection with any strike, lock-out, or trade or labor dispute unless the members of such union or combination or its council, committee or other governing body by the rules, regulations or directions of such union or combination or the resolutions or directions of its members resident in the locality or a majority thereof shall have authorized or shall have been a concurring party in such wrongful act.

2. No such trade union or association shall be enjoined, nor shall any officer, member, agent or servant of such union or association nor any other person be enjoined, nor shall it or its funds nor any such officer, member, agent, servant or other person, be made liable in damages for communicating to any workman, artisan, laborer, employee or person, facts respecting employment or hiring by or with any employer, producer, or consumer or distributor of the products of labor or the purchase of such products, or for persuading or endeavoring to persuade by fair or reasonable argument without unlawful threats, intimidation or other unlawful acts, such last-named workman, artisan, laborer, employee or person, at the expiration of any existing contract not to renew the same with or to refuse to become the employee or customer of any such employer, producer, consumer or distributor of the products of labor.

3. No such trade union or association or its officer, member, agent or servant or other person, shall be enjoined or liable in damages, nor shall its funds be liable in damages for publishing information with regard to a strike or lock-out or proposed or expected strike or lock-out or other labor grievance or trouble or for warning workmen, artisans, laborers, or employees or other persons against seeking or urging workmen, artisans, laborers, employees or other persons not to seek employment in the locality affected by such strike, lock-out, labor grievance or trouble, or from purchasing, buying or consuming products made or distributed by the employer of labor party to such strike, lock-out, labor grievance or trouble, during its continuance."

This is legislation of a very far-reaching sort and should have the most careful consideration before it is passed. The most objectionable feature is contained in clause 3, which looks like a straight legislation of boycotting, inasmuch as it enacts that no union, or its officers or members, or "other person" shall be liable in damages for warning other persons from purchasing, buying or consuming products made or distributed by employers having a strike or lock-out on their hands.

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TWO new labor organizations, one in Indiana and the other in New York State, are attracting attention for two reasons: they are incorporated, and they are openly hostile to some of the labor union methods that have aroused criticism. The Indiana organization is known as the Independent American Mechanics' Union. Its articles of incorporation read:

The objects of this association shall be to encourage industry, economy, thrift and honesty among its members; to maintain amicable relations between employees and employers of labor; to assist its individual members in obtaining the highest wages consistent with the general good of all concerned; to promote all forms of productive industry and increase the employment of labor at good wages; to prevent unjust and unreasonable discrimination against any of its members by any person, combination, or conspiracy to prevent such members from securing employment in any branch of industry, and to protect and defend its members against any and all attempts by any person or combination of persons to abridge the inalienable right of all mankind to work for such wages as shall be mutually satisfactory to the individual workman and his employer."

The New York organization is described and commented upon by the New York "Journal of Commerce" as follows:

"The Independent Labor League of America has been incorporated at Albany, which indicates a willingness to take the responsibilities of a legalized organization. Among its declared purposes is to 'protect independent workmen in their independence,' and to 'oppose strikes, lock-outs, boycotts and black-lists.' It will also seek to obtain higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions 'by intelligent application of energies, earnest co-operation with employers, and legitimate business methods.' If it confines itself to these methods and accepts the conclusions to which they lead, it may serve a useful purpose; but its chief promise lies in rallying the spirit of independence and manhood in American workmen, which will help to put down the abuses to which labor unions have become addicted through a bad leadership which is mostly of foreign origin."

These movements are, of course, not yet important, but they may prove to be the first harbingers of a new order.

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THE defeated candidate in Center Bruce and his political and legal advisers ought to know what they are doing, and may think that it is nobody's business outside of the constituency that a second protest has been entered against Mr. Hugh Clark, M.P.P. But the Center Bruce case is more than a local matter owing to the exceptional conditions surrounding the last contest. Mr. Clark won his election against tremendous odds, and nobody can ever be made to believe that he was victorious through the use of improper means. He is well entitled to the fruits of his victory, and ought to be allowed undisturbed possession of his twice-won seat. To assail him again is a tactical blunder; it is impossible to see how a second protest can effect any good result for the Liberals, either in Center Bruce or in the province at large. The public are sick of purely factious election petitions. Major Clark should be let alone."

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IT is fortunate, perhaps, that Lord Dundonald is the General Officer Commanding the active militia of Canada at the present time. Canadians are not in the mood to be talked in the spirit that Old Country military men too often display. Lord Dundonald has shown that he is not only a gallant soldier, but a man of ideas. He has shown, also, that he is in advance of the majority of his profession in recognizing that the world has advanced since the Crimean war, and socially he is man of the world enough to see that the patronizing air of the Imperial "regular" will not be tolerated by Canadian volunteers, even if they are referred to as "colonial militia" in War Office reports. But, brilliant



"IRELAND FOREVER!"
John Costigan's Belated 17th of March celebration.

of the Scotch express." At the graveside there was not present a single one of the great men with whom the disgraced hero had fraternized in life, to testify to a human charity large enough to cover the shortcomings which Hector Macdonald had exhibited in a manner so terrible. There are some crimes which cannot be forgiven, which forever place the doer beyond the pale of society. But until the proposed court-martial had determined the merits of the charge hanging over Macdonald, there was room for doubt, and while there was room for doubt surely there was room for charity. True, by taking his life the man seemed to admit his guilt, but it is now stated with positiveness that he had again and again asserted his innocence, and if it is true that his mind was diseased, or that he had been a victim of a social conspiracy in Ceylon, it may be that suicide signified nothing in his case but stark fear or mad despondency. I am not saying that this is probable, but it is possible, and while there remained an iota of doubt as to the guilt of the accused it seems to me that the military and official classes would have appeared to better advantage in the eyes of the world had they paid a tribute of sorrow, if not respect, at the grave of the man who had made his name justly famous in every quarter of the British Empire. To Hector Macdonald it could matter not that his poor clay was dumped into the cold pit with little more ceremony than would have attended the burial of a dog. He was beyond the reach of any indignity wrought upon his person, but the officials of the State he had faithfully served and the army officers with whom he had fought side by side, and to whom he had long been a cherished comrade, might surely have given some public token of regret without injuring themselves in the estimation of the world.

THE spectacle of Hon. John Costigan leading the House of Commons like a Seventeenth of March parade is funny, but not reassuring to believers in popular government. No resolution ever introduced in the Canadian Parliament could have been more ill-timed than the Home Rule resolution adopted last Tuesday night by a vote of 102 to 41. The troubles of the Irish were never in such a fair way to be settled by the British Parliament upon its own initiative and by a method which will remove the foundation of every real grievance by giving back to the people their land. The land question has been at the root of Ireland's political unrest. At a time when the British Parliament is prepared to vote a fabulous sum in order to settle the land question, and the Irish leaders are friendly to this course, it is surely a piece of impertinence for Canada to chip in with the suggestion that Home Rule is the right thing and the only right thing. Of course nobody in this country takes either John Costigan or his resolution seriously. It is thoroughly understood that the whole thing is a beautiful play to the gallery. But the same truth will not be apprehended in England or Ireland. Canada has so much business of her own to look after that it is simply preposterous for her to be worrying over other people's affairs. It is argued that since the Canadian Parliament passed a resolution concerning South Africa at the instance of the Imperial authorities, the latter cannot object if it passes another concerning Ireland at its own instance. This may be true, and yet there must be an end somewhere to our going outside the matters that concern us. The circumstances lead-

to some counties will inevitably have a fraction more than the representation they are strictly entitled to, others a fraction less. Of the two evils, the latter, which is the one chosen by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is undoubtedly the less. Only under some such system as the Hare-Spence method of voting can absolute justice be done, and both majority and minority be represented according to numerical strength. But the Hare-Spence system is not even suggested as a practicable solution of the difficulty. The Government has to deal with the representative system as defined by the constitution, and no revolutionary change can be considered. The question is merely how to do the largest measure of justice in making the changes necessitated by the fluctuation of population.

I HAVE frequently of late come across the name "Rev. J. A. Macdonald" in reports of the Ministerial Association and other clerical gatherings, and I concluded for a time that there must be two "J. A. Macdonalds" belonging to the Presbyterian persuasion in Toronto—the one who edits the "Globe" and some other one. It appears, however, that this is not the case. The gentleman who writes the political leader of the chief Liberal organ is also the gentleman who offers prayer and takes part in discussions among the clerical brethren at their Monday morning meetings. Now this is a bit confusing to the ordinary, unregenerate mind. Most clergymen when they take up a secular calling drop the distinguishing prefix of "Reverend" and though they may continue to be as truly religious as ever, they generally withdraw from clerical activities. Not so with Brother Macdonald, who evidently considers that there is nothing inconsistent or unbecoming a working politician and also at the same time a working parson. Perhaps Brother Macdonald is right; perhaps, on the other hand, he is wrong. I think the general sense of the public is that the two occupations are inconsistent, and that it is up to the editor of the "Globe," now that he is fairly immersed in political controversy, to drop the "Rev." and be a plain "Mr." like other journalists. The cartoon on page 8 hits off the situation in a humorous way, but behind the humor is there not a solemn truth?

THE fascinating but fantastic dream of a pan-American intercontinental railway is not a new one, having been considered by several pan-American congresses, but it has never been regarded as a practical proposition such as the Cape to Cairo road, and it is somewhat surprising to learn that the United States Congress has appropriated money to investigate as to the best route and to gather facts relative to the trade opportunities that might be developed by such a line. The railroad distance from New York to Buenos Ayres is placed at 10,471 miles, and it is stated that of the whole distance there is now a continuous rail line from New York to the southern frontier between Mexico and Guatemala, and that in Central and South America there are about 1,500 miles more in operation that would be available, leaving gaps approximating 5,000 miles to be filled in. The probable commencement of work on the Panama Canal is regarded as a

and thorough soldier as Lord Dundonald undoubtedly is, he is still a soldier, and probably there is no more difficult thing in the world, even after the pipe-clay has been eradicated from the bones of the man who follows the profession of arms, than the almost impossible task of persuading him that the principal business of mankind is business, and that the pursuit of happiness in this world and the next leaves life too short to keep awake half the nights wondering whether some foreign country is not after the one you live in. People on this side of the Atlantic simply haven't time to waste in devoting more than a reasonable amount of money and energy to the task of preventing a possible enemy whose time is also limited, and who, after all, has the same trend of thought as ourselves, from crossing the border and forcibly making us citizens of another country. We cannot but believe that civilization is sufficiently far advanced to make it highly improbable that the United States would wish to violently and with difficulty annex a country unfriendly to it, and in that event we would be slightly ridiculous in taxing ourselves to a burdensome extent or prancing around the country for years on the off chance of something occurring which is getting every day more and more remote. The danger of invasion from the United States is too far away to cause any recommendation for heavy military expenditure to be endorsed by the Canadian people. Now that much of the band-playing, banner-flaunting part of war has been done away with, and our soldiers are dressing in russet-brown, it is questionable whether even as fine a soldier as Lord Dundonald will be able to procure a vote for any extraordinary sum from a representative Canadian Parliament. Our common sense will probably go with the Officer Commanding in his recommendation as to the formation of rifle clubs, but the romance of war is dead, and beyond a practical, reasonable, patriotic and progressive preparation to face a danger indefinitely remote, and which, if it has to be faced, will be faced under conditions that are changing every day, no scheme of general armament will appeal strongly to the Canadian people. Canadians are patriotic, but most of our drilling in the past was mere healthful recreation. We will take kindly to rifle shooting, but have neither time nor money for very much else in the line of war.

PUBLIC opinion will certainly endorse Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resolution to raise the tax on Chinamen entering Canada to \$500 per head. Much can be said in favor of cheap coolie labor for such industries as those of the Pacific Coast, yet nobody doubts that so long as British Columbia is a yellow man's country and not a white man's country, so long will the development of that section of the Dominion be slower than it ought to be in view of its natural wealth. White labor in British Columbia has not always been its own best friend. Wage-earners at the mines and in the cities have furnished employers of labor with reasons for preferring the docile and machine-like Chinaman to the discontented and capricious white. The retarded development of British Columbia is due in some measure to strikes and agitations as well as to the ubiquity of the unprogressive Chinese. But in the long run it is an economic impossibility for the white man and the coolie to dwell side by side, and there can be no hesitation on the part of the average Canadian, East or West, in choosing between white supremacy in the western confines of the Dominion and the condition of affairs that has hitherto existed there. We do not want the Chinaman in Canada. We are justified in not wanting him. But let us be honest and ask ourselves if it is a fair deal that the almond-eyed Celestial is treated as a universal pariah by the white man and taxed out of the white man's countries while we insist on regulating the affairs of his country, on overrunning it with missionaries and soldiers, and patrolling its coasts and ports with warships? Where is the Christian Church going to stand on this question? While demanding for missionaries the right to enter China at will, how many preachers of the Gospel of equality and charity in this country will lift up their voices against the un-Christian regulation under which Chinamen are to be driven back from our coasts and from opportunity of contact with Christian society? Man is a strangely inconsistent being, but it may be doubted if there is anything more illogical in his whole history than the record of Christendom's treatment of the backward peoples of the world.

The Marriage of Hugh O'Rourke.

By Nora Chesson.

VER the low fire in the middle of the waste place that had been a banqueting hall crowded Hugh O'Rourke. He was wet and chilled to the bone with a long ride through mountain mists in the heart of winter. There was winter in his heart, too, for his sept was a broken one, and his name proscribed, and, where his father might have held together the breaking fortunes of name and clan by the sheer power of voice and face, Hugh the younger had been borne by his mother in a time of tempest and terror, and his face was wan and uncomely and his eyes wild and sad.

He held his hands to the fire, but there was little warmth in it, and there was no comfort elsewhere in all the great house where he dwelt, a little kernel in a great shell made for one fairer and stronger far than he.

He took up his sword and laid it across his knees, looking at it with weary eyes, for was not the soldier's nature, and many a time had his heart sickened at the thought of battle and blood, though he was a pretty fighter when the red time came and men were cheering and grappling together for the Red Hand and the Wolf.

But by Hugh now, in this chill time of doubt and danger, the old lights seemed dim and there was no new star rising, and he fell to wishing that he had died in the birthing, or even his mother set her cold kiss upon his unwelcome face.

"My father did not well to take a woman by force," he said aloud to the sinking fire that was all his company. "Black eyes and yellow hair pleased him well, belike, but he pleased not my mother, and she revenged her upon me who was innocent and unborn, giving me an April mind and a craving heart for her gifts on the day that she conceived me. That I was little and ugly hurt me not, nor that I was sickly, for my father loved me as well as he loved handsome Anthony, who is dead—and God rest him! But that I was born of anger and fear hurts me sore, and I shall aby it to the end. Who enters there, in the name of God?"—He sprang up, sword in hand, and then laughed at his outcry for it was a girl child who stood in the doorway, a little maid of eleven years, fair to see, white as a snowdrop, with pale yellow hair streaming from under her put-back hood.

"Little maid, you come to an empty house," Hugh O'Rourke said, "but you are welcome. You do not come alone."

"I come alone, Aodh," she said, answering his English with the Irish tongue. "I shall not fill your house."

Hugh stood still beside the fire while she came slowly down the room toward him, shaking the raindrops from her flowing hair as she came. A little way from the fire she stood, looking at him with large eyes.

"Why do you meet me with bare steel?" she said. "I looked for other greeting from your father's son, Hugh O'Rourke."

Hugh cast down his sword upon the bench he had risen from and took a step forward to meet her. Then he stopped, amazed, for it was not a child she was, but a grown woman it was that cast off hood and cloak and came to him with eager face and eager hands.

"Hugh O'Rourke," she said, again in the kindly Irish tongue, "have you forgotten me so soon?"

"Have I ever seen you before, O fair one?" Hugh said.

Then, because her fingers were warm in his and her eyes dwelt on his, he ceased questioning and had no more wonder or fear at the fairy change that had passed upon her in a moment, making a woman out of a child.

"I am she who have desired so long," she said, with tears and laughter in her voice. "I am she whose eyes you have seen in many faces that looked not kindly on you, whose breast you have desired to lie on so many times, whose soul your soul has sought and never found. And never would you have found me in this life, beloved, if I had not sought you out. Your name means light, Hugh, but there was thick darkness on your eyes till to-night. Now"—she fitted the deed to the word—"now I have kissed them, can they see?"

And she laid her mouth to his mouth, and the beating heart of her fluttered like a bird against his breast, and the fairy eyes of her darkened and laughed and lightened into his and set all his blood on fire.

A little while they clung together so; then he put her from him and held her at arm's length, looking at her with eyes that were an hungered.

"Is there a spell of silence upon you, Hugh?" cried the woman. "Speak to me, beloved, and look the while!"

"Might I die looking!" Hugh said. "I should not then think—and grow cold to think—of nothing on the other side."

"Nothing? Where is your faith, O'Rourke?"

"My mother taught me no faith, fair one. My father



This is the first picture of a much-talked-about individual that has appeared in any Toronto paper. "Saturday Night's" artist is said to have got a very characteristic study of the famous politician.

taught me only swordplay, and myself has taught myself to distrust myself, and no more."

"Learn faith in yourself, then, of me, O'Rourke. Shall I not be on that other side you speak of? For I came thence to-night."

"If I dared only think of it, beloved," Hugh said. "Yet you have mortal beauty upon your face and body."

"What do you know of mortality, Hugh O'Rourke? And beauty is that core of our little life that cannot pass away, though the fruit that covers it turn rotten after growing ripe. Kiss me—nay, but only with your eyes, beloved—and tell me how mortal I am."

He kneeled down beside her now and cast his arms about her fair body as she sat in his seat, looking up at her with eyes that changed slowly their wonder for worship. Then he loosed a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips, and presently blindfolded his eyes with its softness.

"I am answered," the woman said at last. "That which is not mortal in you has spoken to me immortal, and we know one another. So—"she drew the bandage of hair from his eyes and smiled down into them—"you love me, Hugh?"

"If I know what love is, beloved."

"You know the better now for having waited to know it. Men have lost their souls learning their lesson too early. You shall lose only your body, Hugh."

"Not a sore loss, beloved. My body has served me long enough."

"Yet I was drawn to that body, Hugh. It has not served you all so ill, beloved." She uncovered his eyes and looked deep into them, laughing. "I am beauty and I am love, and I have chosen to lie on the bosom of a man whom the tongue of the world knows not—a dreamer who has achieved none of his dreams, a soldier whose sword has won him nothing—and there is beauty and success and strength in the world outside. How is it you can keep me here, Hugh?"

"Sweet, I shall never know."

"Hush, unbeliever! Let us be man and woman together for a little. My feet are cold, and I have hunger and thirst upon me, Hugh. Are you alone here?"

"I have two serving-men."

"You shall be my serving-man to-night. Let your men sleep, and we will eat our marriage feast together."

"But you are cold, beloved. Let me bring wood to mend the fire."

"Nay; bring me food and drink, and let be the fire. You



Old Francis Gentle, a peddler and Crimean veteran, well known for twelve years on the streets of Toronto, died at St. Michael's Hospital on Sunday.

shall warm my hands in your hands, Hugh, when we have eaten together."

"Dear, what will you eat? There is only coarse bread here, but I have red wine in my butt, and there is honey in the comb, I think, and store of apples in the loft—Winter Queenings and the like."

"Bring me here the bread and wine and honey, beloved, and we will make a wedding feast of these. And bring me a Winter Queening that we may play ball with it when we have eaten. Are you quick-handed at the ball-playing, Hugh?"

"With you, maybe, beloved. I have been slow at all games until to-day."

He went out, and came back soon with the bread and wine in a basket on his arm, the apple in his hand, and a silk coverlet over his shoulder. He laid the quilt down at her feet.

"This for your carpet, beloved. Now will you eat?"

She drank half the cup of wine that he poured out, and Hugh drank after her; then they broke bread and ate the honeycomb together.

"We have eaten and drunken and you have not asked my name," she said, when their meal was finished. "Is it that you are very wise of a fool, Hugh O'Rourke?"

"Herein I was a wise man, beloved."

"Tell me my name, Hugh?"

"Grannie, maybe, because you shine so bright, beloved?"

"No."

"Esca, then, because your face is as pale as the moon when she is young?"

"Not Esca. Have you heard ever of a woman that was bitterly wronged of an O'Rourke long ago, and died cursing him, and has come back and back to cry for the passing of every O'Rourke since then?"

"I have heard of her, beloved."

"I am the banshee of your house, Hugh O'Rourke; but for you I shall not cry. Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse, for my love is put upon a man of the house that wronged me. Do you take me for your wife, O'Rourke, knowing this?"

"I take you to my wife, Ban-shee, in the face of sun and moon, and I plight troth to you past death, whether it come to-night or in fifty years."

"I take thee to my husband, Hugh O'Rourke, and I lift off my curse from thy house, thus and thus."

The woman dropped to his feet, shod in worn brogues as they were, and kissed them; rose to her knees and kissed his hands and the hilt of his sword; rose to her feet and kissed his mouth.

Then they went, handfast, into the shadowy upper end of the room, where the climbing firelight could no longer find them.

And when the morning came, rosy and wind-tossed, Hugh O'Rourke came out to his serving-men with life and the joy of life in his eyes, and he and the fair woman clinging to his arm gave them good-morrow and went forth, laughing. But, an hour later, these found the body of Hugh O'Rourke lying on his bed with shut eyes and folded hands, long cold. So the serving-men knew that they had seen and bidden farewell to the soul of Hugh O'Rourke and that all was well with him at last.—The "Sketch."

A Omar for Ladies.

I sometimes think that never lasts so long
The Style as when it starts a bit too strong;
That all the Pompadours the parterre boasts
Some Chorus-girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chignon low
That fills the most of us with helpless Woe,
Ah, criticize it softly! for who knows
What long-necked Peeress had to wear it so!

Ah, my beloved, try each Style you meet;
To-day brooks no loose ends; you must be neat.
To-morrow why, to-morrow you may be
Wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we once admired, the Very Best
That ever a French hand-boned Corset prest,
Wore what they used to call Prunella Boots
And put on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waferfalls
They wore, and whom their Crinoline appalls,
Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates
Assist our Children in their Costume balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear,
Before we grow so old that we don't care!
Before we have our Hats made all alike,
Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and—sans Hair!

—JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

The Terrors of House-Cleaning.

We live in an analytical age. Everything nowadays is analyzed, from the food we eat and the air we breathe down to the coloring matter of the stamps we stick on our letters; and as for our emotions, they are subjected to constant and minute examination at all times. Almost every day we hear of the discovery of germs in some hitherto harmless substance, and one by one our favorite dishes are forbidden us as being hotbeds of disease, which only the foohardy dare persist in eating. Oysters have again been the cause of a microbe scare, and are very much out of favor just now; smelts are also threatened, and the poor gourmand lives in a state of constant anxiety as to which will be the next delicacy to fall under the displeasure of the bacteria-hunter.

For the present, however, food is to be given rest; the latest craze is to have the dust—the common-or-garden, ever-present dust of the house—analyzed; and in view of the near approach of the "spring cleaning" season it is expected that many startling discoveries will be made shortly. Already the thrifty housewife is everywhere preparing to do battle with her mortal enemy, and the heart of the mere man, who plays no active part in the conflict, sinks as he conjures up thoughts of the days and weeks of discomfort and misery that he is accustomed to associate with this annual domestic campaign in the great cause of cleanliness.

But a new era is dawning for the harassed matron and her long-suffering spouse, and the season so dreaded in former years will soon lose all its terrors. No longer will all the tables and chairs be removed from their accustomed spots and stowed in places where they have no business to be, with the inevitable result that people are continually tumbling over them, to the detriment of their shins and the expenditure of much bad language. No; the advent of the vacuum cleaner will alter all this, and in addition to the blessing of a peaceful spring cleaning, it will afford you the further pleasure of collecting all your dust neatly together ready for analytical purposes.

In this latter respect, says an English paper, Royalty, as is only right and proper, has set the example, and both Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace are having their own vacuums installed. Marlborough House has gone one better, and has not only been cleaned, but by the Princess of Wales' order the dust removed has been submitted to an analyst. Microbes of various kinds were found, and, strange as it may seem, fleas also; it is but fair to suggest, however, that even royal dogs have occasionally been known to scratch. Turning to the House of Commons, an imposing array of bacilli was found in the dust removed from its sacred precincts. In the samples analyzed no fewer than 425,600,000 organisms were reported in one ounce of original dust, most of which bear names too long and complicated to be properly pronounced, much less spelt. A somewhat curious fact is the discovery of a great quantity of Penicillium glaucum, commonly known as "mildew," a fungus which is generally only connected with things of an undisturbed and antiquated growth. Can this, it is asked, in any way be attributed to the long-continued presence and predominance of a Government whose slothful methods are said to be due to its (officially) hoary old age? If so, it would be interesting to have an immediate analysis of the dust of the various legislative chambers of our own Confederation. Innumerable other places could be mentioned, such as the law courts, newspaper offices, etc., which would be certain to yield a fertile and instructive harvest.

But in all seriousness, the dangers of dust are very real, and Sir James Crichton Browne, in his lecture at the Sanitary Institute at Manchester last autumn, showed how pernicious was the effect of dust upon health, stating that it was responsible for an appalling amount of suffering, disablement and death. Anything, therefore, which will remove some of these evils should be welcome, and the nearest approach to it at present is the machine invented by one Booth, and already extensively used in England as above described. Like most clever inventions, this machine is a very simple affair, the

only drawback to the machine is that it has not as yet been adapted to cleaning roads. But even this may come in time, and then—in summer, when the winds blow and the streets are unwatered, Toronto may regain her lost repute as a clean and well ordered city, which in late years has been seriously impaired. In the meantime let us be thankful that spring cleaning has lost some of its horrors, and hopeful that the future has still better things in store for us.



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LAST Friday afternoon a dozen devotees of "bridge" were the guests of Mrs. Buchan in quarters at Stanley Barracks for the fashionable game of the day. A pretty prize was presented at one of the three tables, and won by Mrs. Auguste Bolte, one of the best whist players in Toronto; Mrs. Agar Adamson, and Lady Meredith, at their respective tables. After the game was over Mrs. Buchan gave a cosy little tea in the dining-room to the guests, who were Lady Meredith, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Arthur Pepler and Mrs. A. E. Denison. Mrs. Sterling Ryerson and Mrs. Walter Beardmore drove out to tea after five. Mrs. Buchan and Miss Buchan are always the kindest of hosts, and their cordial welcome ushers in many enjoyable little functions.

After the final lecture of the course at Trinity in aid of St. Hilda's College this Lent, it was made known that Mrs. Rigby, the lady principal, had decided to resign. Now that St. Hilda's is prosperous and popular, Mrs. Rigby feels that she can take the rest which her devotion to the college during its upward climb did not allow her to enjoy. She leaves a high standard for future principals to live up to, and everyone agrees with the expression of regret which is heard on her resignation: The Dean of Trinity and Mrs. Rigby now occupy a suite of rooms in St. Hilda's, but will, I understand, take a house in the vicinity of the colleges after a short time.

Mrs. Clarkson Jones is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Beall in New York. Miss Muriel Massey has returned from a long visit in New York with her aunt, Mrs. George Massey. Mrs. Charles Hutchinson has returned from a visit of several months to her son in Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton Miln have returned from England. Miss Bessie Walker of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan. Mrs. Harry Symons is visiting friends in Stratford. Mr. and Mrs. Symons and their family will reside at Balmy Beach next summer, where they occupy a pleasant cottage and are always the most hospitable hosts. Mrs. Watts of Beaumont road will not receive again this season.

The merry occupation of "speeding the parting bride-elect and groom-to-be" takes up many of the ante-Paques hours, for after Easter weddings are to be many and imminent. Teas and luncheons, little "by-by" dinners, and jolly suppers are the order of the day and night. There will be a smart company of "nouveau mariés" in evidence this season at House Show and Races, and just now handshaking and good wishes are the usual greeting to the "futures."

On Friday and Saturday of last week, the pretty home of Mrs. Rowand, 30 St. Peter street, was the rendezvous for smart friends of the hostess and her daughters and granddaughter, who were bidden to say good-bye to Miss Jessie Rowand before her marriage in Easter week. Married folk on Friday and the young set on Saturday were the congenial parties who foregathered, full of congratulation and interest in the coming nuptials. On Friday Miss Rowand and Miss Jessie received the guests, the sweet mother having her own small coterie of visitors in her boudoir upstairs, where she sat looking very bright and a wonder of cheerful endurance of her long siege of invalidism. Miss Rowand wore a rich black paillette gown, and her youngest sister, the bride-elect, was in royal purple handsomely relieved with white. For the young folks' tea, Miss Jessie, whose taste in dress is unerring, chose a lighter gown of palest grey, with touches of white. The tea-table was set in the dining-room and centered by a delicate cobweb of pink silk netting over white silk, which caught the eye of the dames at once, and is the work of Mrs. Rowand's own clever hands, and a unique novelty in table adornment. Exquisite roses were massed above it in a rich vase, and flowers were very artistically arranged everywhere. Mrs. Archie Langmuir and Mrs. Vernon Payne poured tea and chocolate on Friday, and Mrs. Arthur Pepler and Mrs. Lemesurier on Saturday. Miss Dora Rowand, whose charming bright face and musical voice are everywhere admired, was a very delightful assistant hostess to her aunts. On Friday the presence of Sir Frederick Borden was an unexpected pleasure to many of his friends. Other guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mrs. Elmsley of Barnstable, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. E. B. Johnston, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. G. W. Parker, Mrs. Huyek Garrett, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. George P. Reid, Mrs. A. Davidson, Mrs. W. H. B. Akins, and many others. On Saturday a few of the matrons who were engaged on Friday were with the young folks and enjoyed the bright hour and company. Dr. and Mrs. Grasett came in from a ride for a cup of tea, and there were any amount of men, and among the fair guests were Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Ernest Wright, Miss Ellwood, Miss Michie, Miss Phemie Smith, Miss Winifred Darling, Miss Thorburn, Miss Grace McTavish, Miss Alexander, Miss Buchan, Miss Barker, Miss Delamere, Miss Sprague, the Misses Matthews and Miss Waldie, Miss Case, Miss Keating, and Miss Todd, who assisted in the tea-room. Some of the men at this jolly tea were Mr. Pereval Ridout of Rosedale House, Mr. Osborne of Clover Hill, Dr. James McLeod, Mr. Norman McLeod, Captain Kny, Mr. Stewart Greer, Mr. Goulding, Mr. Hamber, Mr. Perry, Mr. Jack Creelman and Mr. Cavendish. The bridegroom-elect came in for the finish, and was cordially congratulated by old and new friends.

This and next week are generally almost devoid of social happenings, and this year is no exception. A few quiet dinners to mark the farewell of some of our friends to a single state of blessedness and a great deal of rushing about of mondaines to church and to a worse penance at the dressmaker's occupy most of the time. The fair exit of March was delightful, a sweet warm day of spring, which sent the huntsmen out in force to Davisville for the second meet of the season. The first was last Saturday.

Mrs. Crosbie (nee Sivewright of Chatham) has been on a visit to relatives in the West, and returned home a few days since.

Sir Frederick and Miss Borden returned to Ottawa on Saturday night. The banquet and concert of the Q.O.R. sergeants which Sir Frederick came up to attend was simply a huge success on Friday night. During his stay in town the handsome Minister of Militia was kept busy by his friends. Everyone wanted an hour of his bright society and his visit was much appreciated.

Mr. Arthur Guise was in town this week on business connected with the vice-Regal visit. Mr. Flavelle has placed his house at the disposal of His Excellency for the coming sojourn in Toronto, which is to be of some duration. The Governor-General will be here for the musical festival which is to be held in Massey Hall April 16, 17 and 18, and will come back for a longer stay later on for the Horse Show, and, I presume, the Races. Toronto will welcome the party with great pleasure, as the Mintons have always been most charming socially, and we are evidently a social community. The beautiful home of Mr. Flavelle will no doubt prove a pleasant and commodious residence for the distinguished guests, and that they may thoroughly enjoy their visit is the universal hope.

The Victoria Tennis Club is stirring towards a fine summer of sport. At the annual meeting last week, Mr. J. Haydn Horsey was made honorary president by acclamation, and Mr. S. Alfred Jones continues to act as president. The usual fine committee was chosen, and Mr. Laver was elected secretary.

Mrs. S. Alfred Jones is spending the week in Dundas, and will return home to-day.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn returned home on Monday afternoon. Everyone sympathizes with her in the proposed absence of her daughter, Mrs. Tait, for several years in Australia, where she accompanies Mr. Tait in May, and takes

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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her little daughter with her. Mrs. Cockburn is devoted to her clever little grand-daughter, and I should not be surprised to hear of a family party number two setting sail for the antipodes later on. Mrs. Tait's friends in Montreal are quite inconsolable at her departure.

Mrs. Alec Mackenzie suffered from an attack of appendicitis and on Monday morning Dr. Peters performed the usual operation, after which I was glad to hear Mrs. Mackenzie was doing very well. Callers in Rosedale were much startled on finding the cars not running round the curve in front of the Mackenzie home, as their noise prevented the rest absolutely necessary for Mrs. Mackenzie's well-being, but cheering reports allayed their anxiety later on.

The very sad death of Dr. Gilbert Gordon of Spadina avenue, son-in-law of Sir Thomas Taylor and brother of Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), occurred in Baltimore, where he had been taken for recuperation after his serious illness. Mrs. Gordon was with him and the remains were brought back to Toronto and interred on Monday. A bright, clever and useful life is thus untimely cut short, and deepest sympathy is felt for the family of the deceased physician.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Blackwell and her guest and aunt, Mrs. Jennison, received for the last time in that bijou home of which the crowning adornment has been its dainty and charming mistress. Many callers bade her a regretful good-bye, and promised themselves to renew pleasant hours in the company of the new hostess, Mrs. Bigwood, who was with Mrs. Blackwell on Monday and poured tea in that delightful dining-room at a mahogany table decorated with lily of the valley and violets. Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood will occupy their new home after the warm weather, which they will spend at their summer place. Mrs. Blackwell is going abroad in May, I understand, for an extended Continental trip. Her friends here will miss her. Mr. Blackwell is to spend the summer with his own people.

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton have sent their second daughter, Miss Naomi, to England for a year's attendance at a finishing school there. The admirers of Miss Athol will look forward to the debut of another lovely girl with much interest when Miss Naomi is "finished."

Mrs. Mara has gone to Kentucky on a visit to her own people. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd of Bobcaygeon have taken a residence at 80 Beverley street.

Mrs. Jack McKellar is en route from Boulogne to New York on the "Potsdam." Mr. McKellar will meet her and spend Easter in Gotham, returning to Toronto afterwards.

Mr. Charles Boone, who has been spending his leave with his parents here, returned to his regiment (Manchester) yesterday. During his stay in Toronto he has been a popular guest, and also in Ottawa.

Mrs. Gillespie, the Rectory, Avenue road, is in Preston

for a few weeks. She will be at home to visitors at the Rectory on Friday of Easter week.

A touching tribute to the memory of Mrs. Williamson is seen in the small purple badges now worn for the space of a month by the women of the Auxiliary of which Mrs. Williamson was president.

Most exquisite little flower boxes have been at Dunlop's all the week. Pansies with a transparent frill of lace have peeped from pretty little caskets, and nothing is more lovely for this quiet season than so sweet and dainty a gift of flowers.

Mrs. Humphrey and Mr. Sears deeply appreciate the kind sympathy extended to them in their recent bereavement.

Mrs. George Caldbeck and Miss Harvey of Park road, Rosedale, left town on Thursday for a few weeks' sojourn at the Welland, St. Catharines, after which they will visit friends in Woodstock and London.

Mrs. W. J. Moodey, 266 Carlton street, will be at home the first Monday in April, and not again this season.

Mrs. Beverley G. Marshall (nee Smallpeice) is comfortably settled in her new home, 466 West 16th street, Washington Heights, New York.

Mrs. Charles D. Kingdon, mother of Mrs. George J. Gould, has been sojourning at Virginia Hot Springs with her granddaughter, Miss Vivian Gould, who is taking the baths. Mrs. Kingdon's five o'clock tea in her apartments is a pleasant feature of the afternoon of many a smart mondaine.

The National Club private view of the O. S. A. exhibition on Saturday evening was quite a smart event. The guests were received by the president and Mrs. President, Vice-president Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, and Vice-president Carter and Mrs. Carter. Among those present were Mr. J. D. Allan and Mrs. Allan, Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C., and Miss Arnoldi, Mr. Marshall H. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Mr. W. E. H. Carter and Miss Madeline Carter, Mr. J. C. Copp and Miss Copp, Mr. Frank Denton, Mr. K. J. Dunstan and Mrs. Dunstan, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, Mr. William Goulding, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Mr. John J. Gibbons and Miss Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson Farling, Mr. S. R. Hart and Miss Hart, Mr. Edward E. Horton, Mr. O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Mr. David Henderson, Mr. George T. Irving, Mr. T. C. Irving and Miss Irving, Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Jarvis and Mr. Hamilton, Dr. George Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. W. T. Kernahan and Mrs. Kernahan, Mr. R. Fred Lord and Miss Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. A. J. Mason, Mr. T. G. Mason, Captain and Mrs. W. A. Medland, Miss Medland, Professor Maggs, Mr. R. Millichamp, Mr. Frank G. Morley and Mrs. Morley, Mr. and Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Mr. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. George Ridout and Miss Ridout, Mr. C. A. Ross and Miss Ross, Miss Sheppard, Mr. William Stone and Mrs. Stone, Mr. W. B. Tindall, Mr. Arthur

White and Mrs. White, Mr. Champion and Miss Champion, Miss Florrie Patterson, Mrs. Will Rose, and many others. A good orchestra played in the gallery and a buffet with lots of good things was arranged in the entrance hall, prettily done with many flowers.

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The Tragedy of one Successful Man.

HERE was once upon a time a man who was very ambitious and in his business sphere was called mercenary and heartless. In politics men feared him and said he was unscrupulous, but he was strong, self-confident, self-contained, and did not care for what men thought. And though he became cold, hard and relentless, most men accepted him as merely using only the ordinary methods, and all envied him his success. This was the Down-Town Man. Up-town he was another being. Never was the one part allowed to obtrude itself upon the other and in the home and socially he was looked upon as being all that was gentle, courteous, kindly and loving, and for all they knew, was but what he showed himself to them as being. Now this man had a wife, but she was of the Up-Town only, and he did everything, whether he felt it or not, to make her happy. For the Down-Town man had no friends, no wife, no heart. He was alone. And that part of him that was loving and good was kept alive by this woman, and for many years they lived thus happily.

But love is greedy, and the woman wanted the man always and at all times. So she came down-town often to be near him. He begged her many times not to, but gently, so as not to hurt her feelings. Nevertheless, in spite of his hints and entreaties, she came. Here commenced much sorrow, for when she would come in upon him, it did not suit this ambitious man to be interfered with, and he had to simulate the cordial manner of his Up-Town life, that was natural there, but out of its place here. A great sadness began to fill his heart because he knew the penetrating eyes of love saw through the thin veneer, and though he had been willing to act a noble part for her happiness rather than let her know what he really was, now that she pried too far she was to find that she was wrong not to be contented. The wife began to think that he was always a sham, and they had many misunderstandings, and the wife suffered many times more than the man, who had tried to keep it from her for her greater happiness. At last in despair the man cried out that it was all no use, for he had lost the love of his wife, not because of anything he had done, but because love can never let well enough alone. It is only after age and indifference have come that a woman can afford to know all. For was not the affection of the Up-Town life as true, as loyal and as good as that of those who pass their lives doing naught but loving? If she had been satisfied, happiness were still hers. What had she to offer in the place of the laurel that was almost within his hand?

If people would only accept results and leave the methods and the life while getting them alone. Here was an ambitious man who sacrificed all sooner than change and be defeated in the race for success that he had chosen. A heart is a luxury only those willing to give up the world can keep, but happiness is their reward.

Why She Sat up.

THE reception was over, and he was just putting her in the carriage when a thought struck him. "If you don't mind, Dolly," said he, "I'll just run over to the club with Billy and get some cigarettes." Now, Dolly made a point of binding her husband by "chains of roses," so said, "Of course, darling." Then a little pucker came. "Only, don't be long, because—" He interrupted, cheerfully. "Oh! you drive ahead; I'll be there as soon as you." The pucker deepened prettily as she urged, "Don't keep me waiting at home, because you know I—"

Dolly's husband crept up the hall. He hoped he had not made a noise. Dear little Chickie-bird! For the first time since their marriage he had forgotten her. Well, she'll be asleep, he'd creep into his room, and she would not be able to tell at what hour he had returned. He turned the key softly, slid in, and backed round to give the closing of the door his whole consideration, these heavy doors click so! There was a swish. He turned quickly, and there was Dolly, radiant in the rose thing she had worn at the reception, her cheeks bright pink, and her eyes snapping.

"Good gracious, Chickie! Why didn't you go to bed?" he asked, in a panic, for they were sensible modern folk and had promised never to wait up for each other. She flashed like an ordinary woman.

"Go to bed? I could not."

He began with, "If I had had an idea—" But he had no chance to finish.

"How did you suppose I could go to bed with you not here? You should be ashamed to keep me like this, hour after hour, waiting!"

This was just the sort of talk he had read about, and it made him mad, though he realized he had better be calm.

"Why should you care because I happen to stop at the club an hour or so, instead of coming right home? What silly nonsense! I thought you were a more sensible girl."

How still she grew! Her voice went low and quivered.

"Do not flatter yourself that I care in the least where you have been, or how long it takes you at any time to reach home. Your movements are of no interest to me."

Then he gave her this for a parting shot:

"Well, you seem to have interested yourself enough this time to stay up and welcome me—"

"Stop!" she cried. And he stopped, quick. "You know perfectly what my interest in your return was to-night. Not so! Albert Edward! If you have forgotten I must humiliate myself to recall to you my reason for waiting."

"You might at least have undressed," he sneered.

Then she burst into tears, and seizing the collars of his coat, shook him.

"I couldn't," she sobbed. "That's it. I couldn't! You know Felice is out, and I can't undo my dress alone!"

One of our Judges.

A WELL-KNOWN judge, who is as famous for his wit as for his coquetry, was much disturbed in mind by his tendency to ever-increasing stoutness. He tried many remedies, but without any success. At length a friend suggested that he should take a course of treatment at certain hot springs. He immediately set out for the place, sojourning there for a few weeks, managed to get rid of a good deal of his superfluous flesh, and returned home in a most happy and jocund frame of mind.

On the first morning after his return, when he was wending his way to the court house, he came to the butcher's shop where his family were supplied with meat. Marching inside, he said:

"Cut me off twenty pounds of pork."

The butcher sharpened his knife and at once complied.

The judge looked at the meat for a minute or two and then walked off.

"Shall I send the pork to your house, my lord?" inquired the butcher, who felt that the judge had overlooked instructions.

"Oh, no," was the reply, given with a smile; "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to have an idea of how much it was!"

Those Intelligent Flies.

DURING a hot summer campaign in Illinois Congressmen Cannon sought temporary rest in a hammock stretched under the trees in the yard of a country hotel. From his window the shade looked inviting, but on the spot he found the lawn strewn with tomato cans, potato peelings and other debris. On many of these more or less unsanitary mounds were myriads of flies.

"I had no sooner stretched myself in

Social and Personal.

MRS. ROWAND has sent out invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Flora Jessie Rowand, and Mr. David Watson Alexander, which will take place on Wednesday, April 15, at half-past two o'clock, in St. Andrew's Church, with a reception afterwards at her residence, 30 St. Patrick street.

Mr. John Woodburn Langmuir has sent out invitations to the marriage of his daughter, Miss Violet Langmuir, and Mr. Gwyn Llewellyn Francis, which will take place in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday, April 14, at half-past two o'clock, with a reception afterwards at his residence, 118 Tyndall avenue.

A concert is on the tapis in aid of Trinity College School Chapel Building Fund, the programme being in the hands of Mrs. Henry C. Osborne, who always arranges an interesting one, and lends her own valuable aid to its success with a cheerful willingness not always found in such a clever and capable artist. The date is not yet quite settled—probably one very soon after the Musical Festival will be chosen—and Mrs. Nordheimer has graciously promised the beautiful drawing-rooms of Glenelthay as the place for the entertainment. Mrs. E. B. Osler of Craigleath, Mrs. Warren and other prominent women are interesting themselves in the success of this concert. They belong to the Trinity College School Ladies' Guild in Toronto, and have been valued helpers in aid of the Port Hope Seminary. No doubt the concert will be a great success, as the restoration of the burned chapel at Trinity Church School will appeal as an object to a great many persons. The new chapel is to be completed soon.

Among the good things arranged by the Ladies' Guild in this connection is a series of lectures on Dante by Professor William Clark of Trinity, which will open the season after the summer vacations.

His Honor Judge Holt, Mrs. and Miss Holt of Goderich have been spending a short visit in town.

A little group of warm friends and well-wishers bade farewell to sweet Miss Sheila Macdougall of Carlton Lodge on one afternoon this week at the Union Station, whence she left for New York to stay for a time with friends and later on take up some occupation in Gotham. All regret losing so lovable and interesting a member of society, and the best of good wishes accompany her from attached friends here.

On next Monday evening there should be a great gathering of the clans (musical) in Massey Hall to hear Madame Roger-Mielos, the famous French pianist, whose distinguished appearance has before-hand worked a charm which will be accented by her magnificent playing. Madame Roger-Mielos is a Toulousienne by birth and cosmopolitan by temperament, appealing, if one may credit her critics, to the serious, the fanciful, the passionate and the sentimental alike. She is particularly remarked as having introduced in perfect interpretation many modern compositions.

Mr. Justice Lount and Mrs. Lount have returned from Bermuda, where the health of Mr. Justice Lount had necessitated a sojourn of some duration.

The usual brilliant little dinners were on for Tuesday evening at McConkey's, when several smart hosts entertained in the Nile and Rose rooms. Mrs. Cotton had a pleasant party. Mr. Alfred Johnston had some friends. Mr. Albert Nordheimer had a small party of men friends. The Turkish Room is a cosy place for the after-dinner cigar, and, as a stranger said with conviction, "It's all a great idea!"

There are women who are always like the Athenians of old—running after new fads, and tiring and worrying themselves and their friends with half-baked schemes and impractical ideas. There are others who, with the same broad, active, alert minds, combine forethought and executive ability. Of the latter class is Mrs. Henry C. Osborne, who is now much interested in the promotion of a women's swimming club, and has been ardently supported by a lot of bright women in thinking out a plan whereby a suitable place might be built for a large swimming bath, wherein the necessary natatorial art might be studied under a competent teacher. While in England Mrs. Osborne and her sister won with their water-polo team, and still hold the championship, and the game of water-polo is one which should be known and enjoyed here as well. I believe that a site for baths and the necessary arena for water-polo (which is a game with a ball, thrown by the swimmers) has been secured near the Confederation Life Building, an ideally central locality, and that the baths and polo tank will be "fait accompli" as soon as one hundred subscribers (or ticket buyers) of ten dollars each are secured. This fee is for one year's membership, for instruction, etc., and already seventy ladies have signified their desire to subscribe. Can one fancy a more delicious way of spending one of the roasting days of midsummer than in diving and swimming for the elusive "rubber" or in watching beauteous mermaids as disporting themselves? Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Cluny avenue, Rosedale, will receive names and subscriptions for this new enterprise.

News of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon comes from Coronado Beach, and reports a most enjoyable tour, with a sudden rage for golf on the part of Mr. McKinnon, who is on the links the livelong day, with great results of health and vigor renewed. I understand that Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon have gone on to San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, and so toward home. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray and Mrs. Robertson have also been at Los Angeles and Coronado Beach recently.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones was called out of town last week by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Irwin, and remained longer than intended, as Mrs. Irwin was threatened with pneumonia. At last accounts she was better.

Miss Katie Cross of Toronto, Mrs. Everard Coates of Simla (Sara Jeannette

Duncan, formerly of Brantford), Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Toronto; Miss Marion Perkins, Toronto, are some of the names published in the "Canadian Gazette" as registered recently at the Canadian Commissioner's office, London.

Mrs. Lockhart came down from Winnipeg and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, of Cloynewood, Rosedale.

Mrs. J. Ephraim Elliott (nee Orr) and her little son have returned from a sojourn in the South.

Miss Benson of Windsor and Miss Margaret of Cobourg are visiting Mrs. Wort in College street.

A palatial club house is in course of furnishing for the Caledon Fishing Club at the Forks of the Credit, where the moneyed disciples of Isaac Walton are tending pursuing their favorite sport "en principe" this summer. The club have engaged Mrs. Johnstone (nee Lice of Toronto) as manageress of their household, and she left for the Credit on Wednesday. All her friends greatly admired the pluck and ability Mrs. Johnstone has evinced during the past few years, when putting her consummate skill in managing a home into practical commission, she opened large summer and winter pensions here and elsewhere. The Caledon Club could not have secured a more dignified, trustworthy and capable house-manager than the young widow who has accepted this responsible but delightful position. Miss Daisy Ince is, I believe, to assist Mrs. Johnstone in her new duties. The location of the club house is ideal, and the wealthy owners are sparing no pains in suitably furnishings for an artistic and enjoyable summer home. Except in case of a house party at some festive season, the club house will be closed from November to May. It opens, I am informed, on the first of next month.

The Rosedale Golf Club has engulfed the Spadina Golf Club, and the links and house of the latter will be, I hear, given up.

The new links at Lambton Mills are the glory of the golf members. To the man who "saw 'em first" various names are given, but a certain canny, silent one is generally voted the boss "spyer-out" and modestly remains silent.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph A. Thompson of Derwent Lodge, second son of the late Sir John Thompson and Lady Thompson, and Miss Maud Temple, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Temple, will take place on Tuesday, April 14. The marriage will be followed by a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Temple, 278 Huron street.

Mrs. Clark of "Curling Hall" Largs, Scotland, is visiting relatives in St. George street.

Mrs. J. B. Hallworth of Trantby ave. gave a progressive last night for Miss Myrtle Johnson.

On Friday, April 17, the Hamilton Riding Club will give a dance at Hotel Royal, Hamilton.

Miss Evelyn Cox entertained the Seven Hand Euchre Club on Tuesday afternoon at her home in Wellesley place.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Ball and Mr. Walton Stanley Smith will take place in the chapel of St. John the Divine on Tuesday morning, April 14, at half-past eight o'clock.

Hon. Justice MacMahon was sufficiently recovered from his late indisposition to resume his duties on circuit this week.

Mrs. and Miss Tudor Montzambert are visiting Mrs. Walker, Prince Arthur avenue. Mrs. Zeb Lash is visiting in Montreal.

Miss Sydney Tully had an interesting exhibition of pictures intended for the R.C.A. at Montreal at her studio in Wellington street on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hanbury Budden is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Small, 244 Bloor street west.

The victory of the "Pale Blues" in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race this week gave pleasure to several recent visitors.

The thirteenth annual At Home of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, exclusively for young people, took place on Friday

tors to the latter seat of learning. As an Argonaut remarked, fondling his club ribbon, "You see, whichever side wins the Argos are in it."

St. Hilda's Literary Society held their last meeting for the season on Tuesday. After an entertaining sketch acted by the graduates of the first year, music and readings and a paper on St. Hilda by Mrs. Rigby, a dainty afternoon tea and pleasant chat closed the enjoyable reunion.

Mrs. J. W. Gregg of Detroit (nee Owen) is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Owen, of Granby avenue.

Mrs. Robert F. Scott will receive for the first time since her marriage at No. 5 Rosedale road, on Monday and Tuesday, April 6 and 7, and also on the 20th and 27th of the month.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Hogboom, daughter of the late Mr. G. R. Hogboom, and Mr. J. Gildart Jackson, son of the Rev. Canon Jackson, Guildford, Eng.

Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson, No. 546 Sherbourne street, will not receive after Monday during this month, as she is visiting Atlantic City, with Miss Pearson.

Dr. Midford Gillies of Teeswater, Dr. Digby Gillies of Montreal and Mr. Ernest Gillies of McGill College, Montreal, spent Monday with their uncle, Mr. W. Midford, Wellesley street. Dr. Midford Gillies leaves for England on Saturday next.

Mrs. R. Slater Raby (nee Dale of Ottawa), a bride of last month, will receive on next Monday afternoon at 306 Jarvis street, "Pendennis House."

Mr. William Armstrong's pictures at Roberts' Art Gallery are being viewed by a good many friends of the artist. There are a quartette of sunsets from his home on Toronto Island which are very good, and many historically valuable pictures of the Red River Expedition—of Lord Wolseley's camp, with Lady Wolseley's solitary "laying hen" in the foreground, delighted some old expeditions. There are pictures of Indians, warlike and peaceful; glimpses of scenery on the upper lakes, some English birds, a curious midwinter picture of Niagara at the head of the Chute, and many other nice little things. The sale is today, Saturday, and should attract a number of buyers. Some of the pictures would be a nice possession for historical or educational societies.

Easter gifts are in some places as much a matter of course as Christmas presents, and I saw to-day some lovely things in Ryrie's, intended for Easter offerings to the fair ones. Little and big white satin Easter eggs, containing marvels of exquisite bijouterie, are some of the cutie things. The shop was brightly decorated in white and purple, and tables of all the loveliest things—dull silver, fine painted plates of great value. Lots of new jewelry, specially made for Easter gifts, amongst such the "Crown" brooches, and a dainty little case of three gold wire safety clasps, each set with a solitaire amethyst, and a couple of amethyst stick-pins (such a charming present for a young girl) were prominent. The Easter gifts prepared by the artists at our big shop of precious things would tempt any generous and well-lined pocket.

Miss Helen Watkins gives a piano recital at Nordheimer's at half-past three o'clock to-day. Miss Olive Sheppard (violinist) will assist Miss Watkins.

The Elite Pedro Club held their annual At Home last night at 102 Wilton avenue at half-past eight o'clock.

Mrs. Coburn of Walkerville is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lash, in Breadalbane street. Mrs. Coburn looks very well, and her Toronto friends greet her with great pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Currie of 645 Bathurst street will leave next Saturday for New York and Washington, where they will spend the Easter season. Mrs. Currie will receive, as usual, on the fourth Wednesday, on her return.

The thirteenth annual At Home of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, exclusively for young people, took place on Friday

ROWLEY

An Easter Greeting

A Rowley Portrait

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What seems to me the highest office of Osteopathy in its relation to children is the correcting of lesions resulting from falls, accidents, &c., during play. One has only to watch a lot of boys play some of their rough-and-tumble games to wonder that every bone in their backs is not wrenched out of place. The fact that the correction of these minor lesions in the spine so frequently restores the patient to health is a strong argument in favor of having the child examined at least twice a year by a competent osteopath to see that the bony structure is properly adjusted. Even the simplest machine requires occasional overhauling. The body, therefore, the most delicately constructed mechanism in existence, should surely receive most careful consideration.

ROBERT B. HENDERSON, D.O. OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Room 48, Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West. Telephone—Main 3642.

Robt. B. Henderson, D.O., Formerly Member of the Faculty of the Northern School of Osteopathy, Minneapolis, Minn., Consulting Physician.

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A Prudent Action.

Before the decorator is called in to beautify the home and renew the wall papers left so dirty by the soft coal smoke, due thought should be given to the question of having the electric light installed.

The splendid service furnished by the local Electric Light Company fully justifies the installation of "electric only" fixtures. With electric lights installed the new decorations will retain their beauty much longer.

"What's the difference between the Tramps' Protective Association and a golf fund?" "Well?" "Why, one links the tramps, and the other tramps the links," Princeton "Tiger."

Doctor—Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a note stating you had been attacked with mumps, and I find you suffering from rheumatism. Patient—That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.—"Tit-Bits."

Husband—Darling, I believe that I am failing. Wife (in alarm)—Gracious! How often I have warned you, George, against your foolish speculations. Husband—I don't mean in business, dear. Patient—That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.—"Tit-Bits."



THE CHARACTER OF DAVID HARUM

in the play of that name from Westcott's book, to be produced for the first time in Toronto at the Princess Theater next week.

evening last, March 27. Those events' lecture, Miss Annie Hallworth; "Illyria"; Miss Amy Elder; "Sunshine and Rain"; Blumenthal, Miss Elizabeth Wood; "Naschstuecke"; Schumann, and "Air de Ballet"; Chamade, Miss Lillie Shannon; "My Home Is Where the Heather Blooms"; De Koven, Miss Lillian Hardy, and "O Fair, O Sweet and Holy"; Cantor, Miss Florence Deacon. The lecture-rooms were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting festooned in red, white and blue, and there promenading and dancing were participated in to the music of an excellent orchestra. Refreshments were served in the large dining-hall during the latter part of the evening. The playing of the National Anthem brought another enjoyable evening to a close.

Mrs. Will Nelson Campbell (nee Chapman of St. Catharines) will receive, with her mother, for the first time since taking up housekeeping, at 13 Sultan street, on Monday, April 6, and afterwards on the first Monday in the month.

"I've got a story," said the new reporter, "about a thief who pretended to be a lodger in a hotel and so gained access to the other guests' rooms, where he gathered in all the loose money he could, and—" "Head it, 'False Roomer Gains Currency,'" suggested the snake editor.—Philadelphia "Press."

April 4, 1903

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5



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447 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Herbert A. Mathews left last Saturday for New York to spend Easter with her sister, Mrs. Macleod.

Mrs. W. T. McIntyre, 8 Earl street, will not receive again until the autumn, when she will be in her new home, 46 Glen road, Rosedale.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Iris Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Armstrong, Theodore street, Ottawa, to Mr. Oscar Carey L. Arlitz, B.A., LL.B., of New York City.

Mrs. Patrick Hughes left Toronto during the early part of the week to visit her son, Mr. Frank S. Hughes, now living in Hammond, Ind. Mrs. Hughes is accompanied by her two daughters, the Misses Ethelreda and Lois.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cooper of Glen road last week, but the little life went out on Monday morning very suddenly. Condolences are sent from many friends to the parents, who are much esteemed, as they so well merit.

Mr. T. F. Worts, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, Mrs. Herbert T. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gowski, Miss M. C. Campbell, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Judge and Mrs. Lount, Mr. and Mrs. F. Sparling, Mrs. B. B. Croyn, Miss Evelyn Kerr, Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. J. F. Ellis of Toronto, Mr. Robert E. Doolittle of Painesville, O., Mr. N. Dymond of Barrie, Mrs. D. Goldie of Ayr, Mr. Augustus Post of New York, Mr. A. J. Hoffman, Miss A. J. White of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Davis and daughter of Hamilton, Miss Winnifred Bullis, Mr. Hardie Weber, Mr. F. E. Hickernell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Matheson, Mr. F. Barrett, Dr. Charles F. Munroe of Buffalo, Dr. Charles F. Munroe of Buffalo are recently registered guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, "The Carlsbad of America."

The death of Mrs. Kirkland, mother of the manager of the Bank of Montreal, at her son's residence, 160 St. George street, on Tuesday, was the end of a very long and active life, Mrs. Kirkland (nee Morrison) having been one of the old-time residents in Toronto and a sister of one of its best-known Mayors, Mr. Angus Morrison. Mrs. Kirkland has been an invalid for some time, and had a serious fall and fracture a few days since, from the effects of which her death ensued. Those friends who have been privileged to enjoy cosy tête-à-tête chats over her reminiscences or over up-to-date topics by her sofa will miss her very much.

The Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto and Mrs. Arthur Grantham have been enjoying a trip together. The younger people returned to Toronto a few days since. Mr. Joe Mackenzie is confined to his bed by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Flavelle of Queen's Park are going abroad on the fifteenth of this month. Someone was wondering what distinctive name the Flavells had decided on for their handsome new residence, and I understand it has not yet been thus "completed." On one side at least its master is truly Irish, and from nowhere in the world are sweater and more suggestive names of homes derived than from the Green Isle.

A charming concert which delighted everyone was that given by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Miss Ada Crossley on Monday. A smart audience was present and the regal contralto scored a complete triumph. She was beautiful and stately in white and silver, with violets, and her noble voice in every style of chanson and selection was a rare treat to music lovers. One of the queens of song in talents and in person is Ada Crossley. Mr. Tripp's beautiful playing alternated with her singing in a constant feast of good things. Most of the regular patrons of high-class concerts were present, and many kept away by sickness or bereavement were regretful of missing so charming a musical event.

The Musical Festival, into making a success of which Dr. C. A. E. Harris has thrown all his energy and enthusiasm, will be the occasion of a short visit of the vice-Regal party to Toronto in mid-April. They are talking of the programmes in musical circles all over the Dominion, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the great English conductor, has already arrived out. It is time now for the general public to arouse from spring drowsiness and take hold of their end of the project, which will be such a credit to the city.

The way for a lady to tell the difference between ordinary fine cloth garments and those made from

Cravenette is to wear them out in the rain. If she gets home dry and her dress unspotted it's Cravenette—otherwise it's just ordinary cloth. Another way is to look at the back of every yard for this trade mark:

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Toronto, and so sure a benefit artistically as a success.

Mr. Harry de Windt, whose thrilling story of an overland trip from Paris to New York showed how there is a difficult as well as an easy transit from the gayest to the most self-satisfied city in the world, is a son-in-law of Dr. William Clark, professor of literature at Trinity College. During his stay in Toronto Mr. de Windt was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty at The Oaks.

Miss May Noyes of Hamilton has spent the week as the guest of Miss Allyne Jones of Elmsley Place.

Miss Birdie Warren is visiting friends in Ely, and those of us who know the jewel of the fen country, Ely Cathedral, and its quaint city will envy the fair Torontonian her sojourn.

The engagement of Miss Fanny Preston Robinson of Toronto and Mr. L. A. Safford of Detroit is announced. The marriage takes place shortly.

Miss Amy Douglas has returned from a delightful visit in Ottawa of some duration. She was the guest of Mrs. Burbidge and was entertained everywhere.

The birth of a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon in Ottawa has delighted the family and their friends. King Desmond will have no rival in his wee sister, who, if she resembles him, will be a very lovely little dame indeed.

Hon. Justice MacMahon has been quite ill, but is now better. Friends who looked forward to seeing the Justice and Mrs. MacMahon at two or three pleasant functions lately were concerned to hear of the cause of their absence.

Miss Jessie Waldie has gone to the Continent. Dr. and Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale have returned from Florida. Mrs. George Hees is in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Gosling of Wellington place have taken Miss Kate Alma's house in Niagara-on-the-Lake, and will reside there this summer.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander returned from Ottawa the end of last week and received on Thursday at Bon Accord, when many friends called to welcome her back after her enjoyable first visit to Ottawa.

Mr. Kennard of 74 St. George street, a new-comer in Toronto, one of a prominent business concern, is spoken of as a great acquisition. Mr. Kennard has Mr. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick associated with him in business, and this attractive pair should be invincible in the business as well as the social world.

A certain young man about town is realizing the wisdom of "Maman's" advice, as sung so gaily by Ada Crossley, "Il faut fuir les amours." Having long been devoted heart (and pocket) to a pretty woman, he was lately unusually unfortunate in finding her "not at home" with such regularity that it did not need a special announcement to inform him that he was of last year's vintage. He is now cynical and blasé of all such foolishness in a manner which causes his young friends wild mirth.

There are some good things at Shea's this week, the palming, and the manipulation of the sleeping girl by Madame Hermann being quite interesting. Eldridge and his talk and Limericks are tiresome. The "Limerick" affords such a splendid scope for social "gags" that it is a sin of waste of opportunity to employ the footloose verses we have heard in comic opera for years as a special feature. Mr. Shea should subsidize a local poet to write half a dozen warm Limericks which would convulse the house instead of setting it yawning over ancient rhymes such as Eldridge spouts.

Miss Beatrice Myles gave an informal tea for her guest, Miss Attrill, of Goderich, on Saturday.

On Thursday, at four o'clock, the meeting of the Toronto Hunt and Golf Club took place at 108 Bay street.

The Practice Club, Mrs. Harley Roberts' interesting little coterie of musically friends, which has delighted its friends on several occasions, gave a charming impromptu concert for the inmates of the Home for Incurables on Friday evening of last week. Rev. F. Plummer conducted the orchestra of ten society amateurs, and Miss Elsie Keeler sang. Miss Mockridge played and Miss Winnie Andros gave some sweet violin music. Mr. Frank Strathy shared with Mrs. Roberts the work of getting up this gratefully received treat.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denison have returned from Washington. Mrs. Charles Shepard is in New York. Mrs. Fitzroy Cottle is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Watt in Huron street, en route from Orillia to her new home in Madoc, where Mr. Cottle has been appointed manager of the Dominion Bank. Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Parkin sailed for England with their family last Saturday.

Mrs. Harry Wyatt is settling her Lares and Penates in a pretty home in Crescent road, where Captain Wyatt has purchased the home of Mr. Fred Worts. Mr. Worts and his brother-in-law, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, are at the Welland a short visit.

"It must be a great satisfaction to have such a palatial apartment," said the old-time friend. "It is," answered Mr. Cumrow; "it's a heap of comfort to have a house big enough to wander away and get lost in when mother and the gals are giving a musical or a reception."—Washington "Star."

An Experienced Invalid.

Sometimes a doctor has to deal not only with physical ailments, but with a mental attitude which complicates the case. A man who was constantly changing physicians at last called in a young doctor who was just beginning his practice.

"I lose my breath when I climb a hill or a steep flight of stairs," said the patient. "If I hurry I often get a sharp pain in my side. Those are the symptoms of a serious heart trouble."

"Not necessarily, sir," began the physi-

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

TOURIST.

THE UNUSUAL THING

BY RUTH MILNE

MRS. MARTIN sat at the inland desk in the library, alternately writing and staring absentmindedly at her oblivious husband. Obviously, she was writing a letter; obviously, also, the letter was difficult to write. It was, in fact, the sort of letter that a woman might be expected to write in her own rooms behind closed doors; but Mrs. Martin was continually under the necessity of doing the unusual thing in order to live up to her conception of herself as an unusual woman. Gradually the periods of writing diminished in number and length, and finally lapsed entirely into meditation—patiently concerning some still more unusual thing to be done. Her thoughts were accompanied by little smiles denoting satisfaction and frowns denoting difficulty.

Mrs. Martin was young, good-looking and well-to-do; Mrs. Martin had been married over two years, and had yet to discover what it was to be thwarted in a serious wish; yet Mrs. Martin was not happy. She was, on the contrary, so distinctly unhappy as to be in the act of composing a letter to Mr. Martin explaining that life with him had become unbearable, and that she was about to leave him to go with one who satisfied the inner longings of a nature that he, Mr. Martin, had wholly failed to comprehend. That was the substance of the first sentence in her letter. So much had been easy to write, and it had strongly appealed to Mrs. Martin's sense of the unusual to write it after dinner, in the library, with Mr. Martin reading his newspaper before the fire. What she had failed to realize beforehand was the difficulty of completing the undertaking—a difficulty that grew more and more marked with every glance at her unsmiling husband.

In order to make the writing of such a letter even moderately easy, a woman must be either greatly wronged or greatly in love with another man. When she began to write, Mrs. Martin was fully convinced that she possessed both these requisites. Clever, charming and thoroughly spoiled, from her motherless childhood through two years of a childless marriage, she had early learned to blame anyone, rather than herself, if life failed to meet her brightest expectations. Existence was monotonous—then her marriage was a failure. She was unhappy—her husband must be at fault. Mr. Martin was not fond of poetry—blinded by passion, she had blundered into marriage with a man whose tastes and interests were beneath her.

The situation is not uncommon; given time and the absence of temptation, it may right itself, but she was given neither the one nor the other. With the first weakening of her inward loyalty toward her husband, there appeared a man who so evidently possessed the graces which her husband lacked that she forgot to notice that he as evidently lacked the virtues which her husband possessed. They dallied along the path of sentimental friendship, meeting first at tea, which he frequented only to protest his detestation of them, and later, and more often, at her own house.

Mr. Martin, after meeting him once, always departed for the club at the sound of his voice in the hall—a procedure that Mrs. Martin outwardly deplored.

"I don't see why you won't ever wait and see Ted," she complained, one evening, as he was slipping on his coat, preparatory to departure. "He's so very congenial to me; in fact, our dispositions are almost identical."

Her husband nodded. "As a woman, Alice, you're a dream," he said. "As a man, you'd be a tame cat. I don't like cats myself," and he gently set down the fluffy Angora kitten that was climbing up his trouser-leg. Ted, coming later, petted the kitten and read Shelley, with interludes in which he and Mrs. Martin exclaimed over the remarkable similarity of their tastes.

If Ted Langham had been merely "a tame cat," the friendship would have run its course and vanished into nothingness. Unfortunately, he was possessed of a few masculine ideas, which, instigated by persistent and increasing gossip, suddenly rose up and declared him to be desperately, hopelessly in love with Mrs. Martin. The awful secret remained his two days, at the end of which time he confided it, with remorse and self-condemnation, to Mrs. Martin—who listened. When a married woman listens to another man's love-making, the result is easy to prophesy, provided the man be persistent. From self-reproaches Ted went to regrets, and from regrets to affinities; and the step from discovering that two people are affinities to proving that they ought, therefore, to disregard all the laws of God and man, is not such a stride when taken in the path of sentimentalism. One of Ted's numerous wild-cat investments turned out well, they set the day for elopement, and it was on the eve of the day set that Mrs. Martin turned from her letter of farewell to meditation.

The meditation seemed at last to amount to something, for she rose, turned down the lights, settled herself comfortably on a sofa just out of range of the firelight, and said, rather tremulously: "O, Dick!"

"Yes?" said her husband, not looking up from his paper. "I—I got a letter from a girl to-day that I want to ask your advice about." Mrs. Martin's voice was not so entirely under control as is fitting for the voice of an unusual woman about to enter on an unusual course of action; but her husband apparently noticed nothing, laying down his paper with the regretful air of the man who has left the stock market unred.

"I'm afraid my advice won't do in women's mixes," he said, "but go ahead and we'll see."

There was a pause. Mrs. Martin hesitated, drew a long breath and made the Plunge.

"You see, she's married. You don't mind my not telling you her name?" she added, mentally applauding herself for the subterfuge.

"Rather you didn't," answered her husband. "What about her? She's unhappy, I suppose, or she wouldn't have written you about things."

"Very unhappy," said Mrs. Martin, feebly. "Very, very unhappy," she added.

ed, more strenuously, feeling that the occasion demanded the emphasis.

There was another pause. Mrs. Martin's mind, instead of applying itself to the matter in hand, persistently harked back to the days when she first met Dick, and he had told her she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She tried to shiver at the recollection of his bluntness, and was struggling to compare it unfavorably with Ted's way of quoting. "If you were what the rose is," when her husband's voice brought her back from the conventional past to the unusual present.

"Is that all?" he asked, patiently.

"Of course not," said his wife, more energetically. "She's wretched, and her husband and she are utterly uncongenial, so she's going to leave him—and she wants my advice about it."

"I see," said Mr. Martin. "Husband's a brute. I suppose?" he added, tentatively.

"Well, not precisely a brute, you know, but impossible—you know the kind."

Mrs. Martin gestured vaguely with a hand that trembled in spite of herself. Noting that her husband's eyes were on the gesture, she regretted it, but consoled herself with the thought that he was utterly unobservant—an idea which she had so long assumed to be true that she never questioned it.

"Knocks her up against the furniture, does he?" queried Mr. Martin, pushing his chair slowly back out of the firelight into the half-darkness.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Martin's tone implied that this would have been a trifle.

"Drinks, then?"

"No—no, he's all right in those ways! He's simply uncongenial. They made a mistake, and she thinks they'd better apart."

"Oh," said Mr. Martin, quietly, "so there's another man in it! Did she tell you that, too?"

"She told me all," answered Mrs. Martin, with dignity, adding, hastily, "all about it," as she saw a faint smile on her husband's face.

He nodded assent, stroking his chin in a way that meant he was seriously troubled. Even the clerks in his office knew that sign, but it conveyed nothing to his wife.

"What were you going to advise her?" he asked at last.

"I thought," answered his wife, "that I should advise her to leave him. It's such a mockery, marriage under such conditions," she added. The argument was one of Ted's, and had impressed her. "It's so much more noble to brave the world and be free than live a slave to its opinions."

"Well, I'm not so sure," said her husband, meditatively.

Mrs. Martin gasped.

"Oh, of course," she said, hastily, "I didn't expect you to agree with me about it."

She had risen on her elbow in her interest, but she sank back again into the couch corner, and her husband watched fondly the little curls and tendrils of her hair as an enterprise gleam of firelight touched them.

"I think most men would not agree with you," he said, slowly. "It's women—nice women—who talk about braving the world's opinions. Men don't believe in it much. They know too much about it. It's too hard work, Alice."

Mr. Martin, after meeting him once, always departed for the club at the sound of his voice in the hall—a procedure that Mrs. Martin outwardly deplored.

"I don't see why you won't ever wait and see Ted," she complained, one evening, as he was slipping on his coat, preparatory to departure. "He's so very congenial to me; in fact, our dispositions are almost identical."

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"Rather you didn't," answered her husband. "What about her? She's unhappy, I suppose, or she wouldn't have written you about things."

"Very unhappy," said Mrs. Martin, feebly. "Very, very unhappy," she added.

"After that there's the divorce court, and he has to help ruin the reputation of the woman he loves, so that she may patch things up a little by marrying the brute that tempted her."

"And when it's all over, he'll lock up the house that held his bit of heaven, and he'll live mostly at the club, and wonder, day after day, if the other man makes her happy, and hope he does, and wish, night after night, that he could first kill the other man and then himself. And the worst of it all, for him, is that if he'd never married her she might always have been good. That's his side of it, Alice."

Mrs. Martin lay on the sofa, with her face buried in the pillows. There was a long silence, broken at last by her husband's crossing the room to stand beside her.

"Don't you think, dear," he said, gently, "that perhaps she made a mistake in thinking it's his mistake? A man's not so good as a woman thinks him at first, but he's usually better than she thinks when she's worried. Very likely he loves her as—*as I do you*—" he choked a little—"and, dear, though I don't say much about it, perhaps life without you would be a thousand times worse than what I've said. For I do love you, Alice."

Mrs. Martin hesitated, struggled a moment for the unusual thing, and achieved it.

"The letter I've begun is on the desk, Dick," she said. "Will you put it in the fire, please?"

Dick groped his way through the dusk to where the half-finished letter lay, picked it up and committed it to the flames, face downward. As he stood flicking the burnt paper to pieces with the poker, his wife propped herself on one elbow and regarded him critically.

"You always were a dear, Dick," she said, "but I never knew you could talk so well."

"Oh," said he, without turning, "it's all in your Browning, somewhere, I believe. Only this ends better." —From the San Francisco "Star."

Caution.

(A Legend.)

(How many a doctor or architect must own that his professional life consisted of two periods—one in which he was too young to be trusted, the other in which he was too old to be efficient.—Times'

leading article.)

Oh, read my melancholy rhyme.

Peruse my mournful ditty.

Two men sit upon a time.

Within a certain city.

Both were distinctly me of parts.

Well versed in their respective arts.

To fall diseases of the kind.

That everyone who can shuns.

One of the pair had turned his mind.

The other's forte was mansions.

They were, as you'd no doubt expect,

A doctor and an architect.

The latter, when but twenty-nine,

Planned a Titane building.

A house of wonderful design.

All marble, stone, and gilding.

Said he: "My fortune's made, I wis;

Men can't resist a thing like this."

With eager hope his heart beat high.

Took his plans up boldly.

And thrust them in the public eye:

The Public viewed them coldly.

"Pray take that rubbish right away.

You're far too young for us," said they.

The doctor next, a gifted man,

Whose brain-pan teemed with unction.

Discovered quite a novel plan.

For dealing with consumption.

By treating each consumptive wight

With hard-boiled eggs last thing at night.

He told the Public of his scheme.

But met with stern denial.

"Ah, you say that," he said.

"We should be glad to have you now,

But you're not fit to be a doctor."

Apparently it was a trial.

Apparently you quite forget.

That you are barely thirty yet."

The years rolled on. The doctor's schemes

Soared annually higher.

His fellow-sufferer gained reams

With plans that found no buyer.

The Public eyed with gentle smiles

These energetic juveniles.

More years rolled on. The hapless pair

Found life no whit the gayer.

The medico's luxuriant hair

Grew gradually greyer.

(The architect's was nearly white.

Through sitting up too late at night.)

And then—the Public changed their mood!

Their hearts began to soften.

They felt the doctor's dress were good.

(They'd had that feeling often).

They also changed to recollect

The merits of the architect.

"Come, plan us mansions, bring us pills."



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by sending us lace curtains and draperies to be cleaned and dyed.

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471 and 1367 Queen St. West, 27 Queen St.
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Park 98.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and easy to take as sugar.

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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable Manufacture.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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Drunk It All
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Not Carbonated

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

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Who has, by wearing, experienced the difference between the Hagar Shoe and other makes will never wear the other.

"HAGAR" Shoes fit perfectly, retain their shape, and give absolute ease to the foot.

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A Millionaire's Museum.

M. R. PIERPONT MORGAN's reported decision to build next door to his New York residence a museum in which he intends placing the priceless art treasures he has collected during the last twenty years or so, and which are now distributed over the capitals of the whole world, has aroused the greatest interest.

Most of the important collections of objects d'art which have come under the hammer in recent years have been secured by Mr. Morgan, not to speak of such single pieces as the tapestry said to have been stolen at the time of Cardinal Mazarin from the royal palace, in Madrid, and recently sold to Mr. Morgan for a trifle of \$500,000, or the Limoges triptych to the entombment by Nardon Penicaud, sold to him for \$100,000, or the famous Colonna Raphael, for which the millionaire paid \$500,000.

All these pieces will find their way into the new museum, together with the collection of German sixteenth and seventeenth century silver cups, chalices, dishes, etc., formerly belonging to Mr. Gutmann, and acquired by Mr. Morgan for \$350,000; the Pfungst collection of fifteenth and sixteenth century bronzes (\$200,000); the Garland collection of Chinese porcelain, for which the New York branch of Duveen's secured no less than \$750,000; and the Mannheim collection of bronzes, majolicas, Limoges, etc. (\$200,000); the famous "stolen" Gainborough, sold to the astute collector by Messrs. Agnew for \$150,000; a unique collection of miniatures by Cosway and Plimer, perhaps the finest collection of this kind in the whole world.

Mr. Morgan is also the lucky owner of the three rose du Barry Sevres vases from the Gool and Lord Coventry collections, sold to him for \$75,000, the Hobbeima from Captain Holford's collection (\$150,000), and the superb series of decorative panels, "Le Roman de l'Amour et de la Jeunesse," by Fragonard, which he bought from Messrs. Agnew for the sum of \$325,000.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Morgan's museum will contain the most remarkable collection ever formed by a private individual, a collection which may well vie with many of the famous public collections in the Old World.

It was until recently a dancer in the Opera ballet, and even since her beauty brought her into prominence she has made no mark on the stage. Otero has confessed to the writer of this article that her best audiences are always found away from Paris. The same thing must be said of Liane de Pougy and of Cavaliere, and its explanation lies in the French character, which, as a leading manager in Paris recently remarked, "admits of beauty in the ballet, or in the music-hall, but thinks that it must hamper talent in an actress."

But if the leading Paris actresses are not beautiful as we English understand the word, they are extremely charming. Take Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for instance—a woman who will be sixty-nine years old next October, and who is a grandmother several times over. She plays such parts as Marguerite Gauthier, "La Dame aux Camélias," and La Tosca in the play of the same name, and plays them with such charm, and such youth, that no one in the audience thinks about her beauty. It was Mme. Bernhardt's own saying, I think, "every Parisienne is beautiful—even, and perhaps especially, the ugly ones," and there is a great deal of truth in it.

No Paris playgoer would take a critic seriously, for instance, if he asserted that Eve Lavalliere, the Cupid of Orpheus aux Enfers" at the Varietes, was not a beauty, and yet she is none. She is charming, delicious as a drawing by Gavarni, but she is not beautiful, and so it is right through the list. The real fact is that French and English ideas as to what beauty is are altogether different. Some English beauties, Haygate for instance and Elise de Vere, have crossed the Channel and made names for themselves in Paris; but it has been because they had acquired the Parisian charm, and not because they were beautiful women.

"Yes, she is beautiful, but she has talent," is a remark which may be heard whenever a new star with pretensions to good looks appears upon the firmament in Paris, and the "but" is most significant. It is part of a French theatrical manager's creed that no woman who is really beautiful can be charming and vivacious on the stage.

One proof of this belief is Mlle. Bartet, who, when she made her debut upon the stage of the Vaudeville in 1873, deliberately made herself less beautiful. And then, we have an opening chorus.

The girls will come out in some brand-new color scheme which your designer can put his mind on immediately. Then some vaudeville specialties will be introduced. The scene will be laid—well, say on Broadway at midnight, or on some uninhabited island—that doesn't matter. And here's a new topical song, entitled!

"But I cannot swallow that!"

"In the last act Chippie Bandoline, the star, is just saved from—oh, well, some one, and every girl in the chorus appears in pea-green tights."

The manager grasped the great man by the hand.

"Grand!" he cried. "Simply grand! Do you know, when you first spoke I was afraid you were going to propose something entirely too good for the public?"

"Life."

Bilbo—Understand that South American general has resolved to sell his life dearly. Gibson—Yes; he wants ten dollars for the library edition—"Judge."

Girgi (in the depot)—I have drunk six glasses of beer waiting for my wife, and now the train is an hour late. I'll have to order three more. Oh, dear, what an expense a wife is!—"Uk."

Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, and biographer and editor of Lamb, once uttered this pithy saying: "You may preach like an angel, but if you can whistle on a stick people ignore your preaching and speak of you as 'the man who can whistle on a stick.'"

Dropped Them.

Quilt the Medicines and Get Well On Grape-Nuts.

Made over on a change of food is rather a fascinating experience. Sounds like fiction, but an employee of the Anaconda Copper Company of Anaconda, Mont., had just that experience, being cured on Grape-Nuts.

"For several years I was so run down from indigestion and improper foods that I had to resign a \$125.00 a month position in Chicago," he says. "I was in such a bad condition that if I stooped over the sour food came boiling up into my throat and out my mouth."

"I lost nine months' valuable time, and three of Chicago's best physicians said I must die. I weighed about 140 pounds, which is skeleton weight for me. So I resigned myself to my fate and went home to the country to die. It was there a cousin introduced me to Grape-Nuts and new life. I threw all my medicines away, and at the end of two weeks' use of Grape-Nuts had to admit that I had gained four pounds. In the next few weeks I ate absolutely nothing but Grape-Nuts and pure rich cream, and gained 18 pounds."

"I began to take interest in the events of the world again. From this point my recovery has been rapid, and to-day I am physically in the best condition I ever was in my life. I had no trouble to get a position with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company at a better salary than before."

"This is what Grape-Nuts has done for me. It saved my life, thanks to pure food." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Beauties of the Paris Stage.

It is a curious fact that, although the lovely women on the Paris stage are legion, there are but few of them who can be ranked among the leading actresses of the French capital. The ladies who are known worldwide as the beauties of the French stage, such beauties as Miles Cleo de Merode, Otero, Odette Valery, Manon Loti, whose blonde and dimpled beauty has drawn all Paris and its great legion of foreign visitors to see her, Liane de Pougy, Cavaliere, Aime Maurice of the Casino de Paris, whose name this winter has become a Paris proverb for superb plasticity, and many others whose photographs are in the shop windows and all the illustrated periodicals, cannot be classed among the leading Paris actresses, and in the ranks of these, strangely enough, real beauty is comparatively rare.

Among the leading actresses of Paris there is perhaps one only who is in the front rank both by her beauty and her talent, and that is Mme. Jane Hading. Jane Hading, beautiful although she is, is eight-and-thirty, and though her charm will doubtless be perennial, she must, in the nature of things, soon hold her place by her genius rather than by her physical attractions. It is curious that in a country where the cult of beauty is woman's chief pursuit the leading actresses should be so rarely beautiful, and yet such is the fact. Perhaps the reason is that, from an English point of view, French beauty—beauty that is as a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman understand it—is charm, or manner, and not beauty at all. French audiences, and therefore, of course, French managers, look upon charm and talent as far more important assets than beauty of face and figure on the stage, and women like Mme. Rejane, or, to cite another typical instance, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, have actually contrived to gain in charm from the mere fact of not being really beautiful, a statement that sounds almost impossible to English ears.

On the other hand, Cleo de Merode was until recently a dancer in the Opera ballet, and even since her beauty brought her into prominence she has made no mark on the stage. Otero has confessed to the writer of this article that her best audiences are always found away from Paris. The same thing must be said of Liane de Pougy and of Cavaliere, and its explanation lies in the French character, which, as a leading manager in Paris recently remarked, "admits of beauty in the ballet, or in the music-hall, but thinks that it must hamper talent in an actress."

But if the leading Paris actresses are not beautiful as we English understand the word, they are extremely charming. Take Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for instance—a woman who will be sixty-nine years old next October, and who is a grandmother several times over. She plays such parts as Marguerite Gauthier, "La Dame aux Camélias," and La Tosca in the play of the same name, and plays them with such charm, and such youth, that no one in the audience thinks about her beauty. It was Mme. Bernhardt's own saying, I think, "every Parisienne is beautiful—even, and perhaps especially, the ugly ones," and there is a great deal of truth in it.

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But if the leading Paris actresses are not beautiful as we English understand the word, they are extremely charming. Take Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for instance—a woman who will be sixty-nine years old next October, and who is a grandmother several times over. She plays such parts as Marguerite Gauthier, "La Dame aux Camélias," and La Tosca in the play of the same name, and plays them with such charm, and such youth, that no one in the audience thinks about her beauty. It was Mme. Bernhardt's own saying, I think, "every Parisienne is beautiful—even, and perhaps especially, the ugly ones," and there is a great deal of truth in it.

No Paris playgoer would take a critic seriously, for instance, if he asserted that Eve Lavalliere, the Cupid of Orpheus aux Enfers" at the Varietes, was not a beauty, and yet she is none. She is charming, delicious as a drawing by Gavarni, but she is not beautiful, and so it is right through the list. The real fact is that French and English ideas as to what beauty is are altogether different. Some English beauties, Haygate for instance and Elise de Vere, have crossed the Channel and made names for themselves in Paris; but it has been because they had acquired the Parisian charm, and not because they were beautiful women.

"Yes, she is beautiful, but she has talent," is a remark which may be heard



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office, } Main 1709

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2.00
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 16.

TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1903.

NO. 21.

The Drama

THE future of the drama is being discussed by such publications as the "Bookman" and the London "Times Literary Supplement." To the former Professor Brander Matthews contributes an article in which he contends that the history of the drama is the long record of the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else. He is confident that the drama of the future is going to be less rhetorical, less oratorical, less lyric, less epic, more purely dramatic. The stage will no longer be made to serve as a pulpit for a sermon, a platform for a lecture, or a singing gallery for a ballad. He points out that in the modern well-lighted theater the actor can reach his audience through their visual, as effectually as through their auditory, sense, and consequently the spectators are more interested in what is done on the stage than in what is said. A sudden pause, a piercing glance, an abrupt change of expression may convey to the onlooker what is passing in the minds of the characters more directly than the dialogue. Professor Matthews' line of argument seems to lead straight up to the conclusion that the literary form of the drama will become less important, the talent, training and technique of the player more important. This, in fact, appears to be what is actually taking place in our day. As Professor Matthews truthfully points out, the drama, although it has often a literary element of prime importance, never comes wholly within the bounds of literature; it has always exercised its privilege of enlisting and profiting by all the other arts, pictorial and plastic, epic, lyrical and musical. But when Professor Matthews hints that the drama of the future is to tend towards pantomime, because the most intense dramatic action can be exhibited wholly without rhetorical assistance, I for one think he pushes his position too far and that the future will not justify his forecast. The London "Times Literary Supplement" puts the case against Mr. Matthews very aptly when it says that there will always be the minor or ostensibly superfluous dialogue, over and above the directly significant word or the eloquent action because the playgoer must be made aware of the normal "timbre" of the dramatist's voice in order to understand what he says in his impressive moments. The same paper continues, "For our part we think the future career of the drama is likely to be hampered by its inability to tell cultivated and curious people of to-day a tithe of the things they want to know. What the drama can tell, it can tell more emphatically than any other art. The novel, for instance, is but a report; the drama makes you an eye-witness of the thing in the doing. But then there is a whole world of things which can not be done—of thoughts and moods and subconscious states which can not be expressed—on the stage, and which can be expressed in the novel. In earlier ages, which could do with a narrow range of vivid sensations, the drama sufficed; it will not suffice for an age which wants an illimitable range of sensations and, being 'quick in the uptake,' can dispense with vividness."

Adelaide Herrmann, Mistress of Black Art, with her beautiful costume and pretty scenery, is here again but this time at Shea's. In the first part of her programme the tricks are very ordinary, but she makes up for the deficiency by her graceful and charming manner of performance. Madame Herrmann has, however, a very artistic and clever illusion called "The Sleeping Beauty, or a Dream in Mid-air." It is new and very well done, indeed. It differs from other "levitation" illusions that have been here, inasmuch as the subject is made to assume different poses with only (seemingly) a slender stick under one arm, and is made to turn around completely while at right angles to the pole and four or five feet from the ground. The Four Lukens do some splendid gymnastics, their work being done in a rhythmical, easy fashion that is pleasing. Swan and Bambard, "eccentric, grotesque and acrobatic comedians," are quite funny—the best in their line we have had here for some time. The Man with the Green Gloves, James Richmond Glenroy, comes out and lies for about twenty minutes. As he says himself, he is an "awful liar." His line of monologue is in a play on names of places and things and his obituary notices on fictitious tombstones are very laughable. Orth and Fern are clever pianists and have good voices. One of them plays blindfolded with keys muffled, and also plays with his hands, nose and feet. The two Nices have better voices than the usual run at Shea's, but the act would be improved if the gentleman would not disfigure his face with such unnecessary grimaces and if he cultivated a more graceful entrance. The playette this week is "The Vaudeville Exchange." Miss Alice Hutchings appears in three characters and is pretty in them all. The fun is of the horse-play variety, though the company looks smart enough to have something more entertaining. Press Eldridge, monologist, makes his appearance, as usual, attired in a dainty morning jacket with frills nicely ironed. He favors women too much—all his witticisms are directed at them, and he hasn't anything new or really clever to say.

There is nothing worthy of comment in the local theatrical offerings of the week at either the Princess or the Grand. "The Belle of New York," that ancient but everlasting musical comedy, and "Arizona," Augustus Thomas's best known melodrama, are both old and stale in Toronto. The fact that they are presented by capable people does not alter the fact that for the habitual playgoer they no longer possess a vestige of interest.

The Aborn Opera Series will open here at Shea's Theater on April 13th in Harry B. Smith's and Victor Herbert's beautiful comic opera, "The Serenade" for several seasons past one of the most popular pieces in the repertoire of the Bostonians. The operations of the Aborns for the spring and summer will include ten or a dozen of the largest cities, each one with its permanent chorus, while each opera presented will have its own separate cast, each artist being selected for his or her fitness for a particular part. A different cast will be seen here each week, many of them in their original parts, and the operas will be staged with the same scenery and costumes as when first produced. The programme for this city includes "The Serenade," "Rob Roy," "The Highwayman," "The Wedding Day," "The Jolly Musketeer," "Wang," "The Wizard of the Nile," etc.

"David Harum," as dramatized from Westcott's book, will be presented by a company under the direction of Julius Cahn at the Princess Theater next week. This comedy ran



MACDONALD VS. MACDONALD.

(First case tried before the proposed Canadian Divorce Court.)

Public Opinion, C.J., hears argument on the motion for a judicial separation of Rev. J. A. Macdonald, minister of the Gospel, from J. A. Macdonald, political nurse. John Charlton, K.C., for the plaintiff.

the greater part of one season in New York, and its tour last season took in Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, in which cities it enjoyed long runs and won unstinted favor. All the scenes in the comedy are laid in Homerville, N.Y., the opening one being an exterior showing a bit of Harum's bank on one side, Aunt Polly's house on the other, and the barn in the background. The characters are all introduced before Harum comes into view, and when he does it is after his experience with the balky bay horse on the river road. One of the features of this act is the horse trade between David and Deacon Perkins, and it is said to be very cleverly worked. The second act shows David's room next to the office of the bank. While in the preceding act Harum's swapping propensities are shown in this the cold business side of his character and his desire to get the best of everyone is pictured. Among the incidents are the tussle with Bill Montaig, the village tough, the matter of the counterfeit bills and David's advice to Lenox to put them in the drawer, as they are all right as long as they are kept moving. There is the resignation of pert Chef Timson and finally the securing of the mortgages on the Widow Cullom's property. Aunt Polly's sitting-room is the scene, and Christmas morning the time, of the last act. Incident follows upon the heels of incident with rapidity in this act, but the feature of it all is the story of the visit to the circus with Billy P. told by Harum as he sits by the open fire-place smoking a very bad cigar. At its conclusion, when the old man recalls the good that Billy P. did him and he gives back the widow her house and farm, there comes a gentle touch of emotion that is very strong. The play ends with the Christmas dinner and the opening of that famous bottle of champagne. There are fourteen characters in the comedy, and they are said to be in capable hands. Mr. Turner in his make-up as Harum follows minutely Westcott's description of the old fellow.

One of the leading features of the bill at Shea's Theater next week will be a sketch entitled "The Jolly Jollier," which will be presented by Barrows, Lancaster and Co. A young couple, who have been married scarcely three weeks, quarrel in a New York cafe. It is on Christmas Day, but still they are determined not to eat at the same table. Each orders a lonely meal, but before it is served they are brought together at another table by an elderly man who insists that although they are strangers to him they must dine as his guests. He is not aware that they are even acquainted with each other, and this brings out many funny situations, but all ends well and, as the novels say, "they lived happily ever after." Bailey and Madison, who mingle comedy and acrobatic work, will be another feature of the bill. Will H. Fox has not been heard in Toronto for several years; he uses a funny make-up, and a baby grand piano, and gives the crowd some talk that keeps it in good humor. The originator of the satire on Paderewski, he has a record of seven months' continuous run at the Palace Theater in London, and more than five hundred nights in the best music halls of London. Parker's Dogs, in an act that will attract and please the children; the Clan Johnstone troupe, Highland and character dances and bag-pipe players from the Palace Theater in London; La

Petite Adelaide, toe dancer; Maude Meredith, vocalist, and Tom Mack, with his funny black-face make-up, will be contributors to what promises to be a fetching vaudeville performance.

"Oh, There are Moments."

Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years
When for an instant that which long has lain
Beyond our reach is on a sudden found
In things of smallest compass, and we hold
The unbound shut in one small minute's space.
And worlds within the hollow of our hand,
A world of music in one word of love,
A world of love in one quick wordless look,
A world of thought in one translucent phrase,
A world of memory in one mournful chord,
A world of sorrow in one little song,
Such moments are men's holiest—the full orb'd
And finite form of Love's infinity.

A Pretty Face Better than Medicine.

M R. EGBERT RYDINGS, an old friend of Ruskin, writes as follows to "Household Words": "After Ruskin's serious illness of brain fever he gave me an idea of the strange hallucinations which beset him. Jackson, his valet, was taking charge of him, and although Ruskin said he was a splendid nurse, and did everything he could to alleviate his pain and soothe him, yet, strange to say, Ruskin took a dreadful hatred to him, and every time he came into the room he thought it was the devil that had come for him. Laughingly, he said, 'The delusion was so realistic that under his swallow-tail I could see a barbed tail, and instead of feet I saw veritable cloven hoofs.' This strange delusion lasted for several days and nights. Sir William Gull was attending at the time and was astonished to find that every day his patient got worse. Ruskin told Sir William of this disturbing element, and asked him if he could find a very pretty female nurse to come and take charge of him. Sir William said he could, and a nurse of this description was got, and, as Ruskin told me, 'the effect of that pretty face and graceful figure was a greater restorative than all Sir William's medicine.' When the doctor came again he was utterly astonished to find Ruskin almost recovered. At the complete cure Ruskin asked Sir William if he knew if Kate Vaughan was performing that afternoon in London, and if he might go to see her dance. Sir William answered that she was, and Ruskin and Sir William Gull went off to see her. The great exponent of beauty in nature enjoyed Kate Vaughan's dancing immensely, and from that day forward there was no more medicine."

"They can name a brand of bad cigars after a man," said the celebrity to himself, "but, fortunately, they can't make him smoke them."



Sir Wilfrid—Now, boys, I'm going to try and do the square thing, but don't be surprised if some of you have to go hungry.

Society at the Capital.

T HE concert given under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association on Tuesday evening was a great success from both a musical and social point of view. The programme, as anticipated, was an excellent one, and the audience, which was composed of the elite of Ottawa, was most appreciative. His Excellency and Lady Minto honored the occasion with their patronage and presence, and a party from Government House accompanied them. Miss Fyshe played the piano in a most accomplished manner, and everyone was delighted with her interpretations of the difficult numbers she had chosen, including selections from Grieg, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Scarlatti and others. Miss Kellert charmed the audience with her sweet contralto voice, and was particularly happy in her selections. Much disappointment was expressed at the unavoidable absence of Miss Kathleen O'Hara, who, owing to a very bad cold, was unable to take her part in the evening's programme. Mrs. Lyons Biggar played in her usual finished manner, as did also Mrs. Scott. Very few sociable supper parties were given after the concert, Mrs. Gormally being the hostess at one, where about forty guests were present, and another was given by Lady and the Misses Cartwright, who entertained about twenty of their friends. Tea, as usual, continued to "hold their own," and the largest one of the week was that given by Lady Borden for her daughters on Tuesday afternoon, and although it was a wet and disagreeable day, all the young people found their way to Stadacona Hall, the charming home of this most popular hostess, which was transformed into a bower of roses for the occasion, American Beauties being most lavishly distributed in the tea and reception-rooms.

Lady Mulock also entertained at the tea hour on the same day in honor of Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. McDowell Thomson and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick. Lady Mulock was assisted by her daughters, and wore a handsome black sequin costume, while Mrs. Alexander's gown was of a very handsome white material, with a great deal of lace trimming. This was decidedly a "pink tea," the decorations being entirely confined to that delicate color, and the table daintily draped with pink silk.

Another popular hostess at a tea was Lady Aylmer, who entertained on Wednesday, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Lily Young, and Miss Winifred Aylmer, Mrs. Lyons Biggar and Mrs. Robert Cartwright.

The Misses Cartwright, in the absence of Lady Cartwright, who has been suffering from a severe cold, did the honors at a most delightful tea on Friday, which was given principally for the sessional visitors, a great many of whom availed themselves of Lady Cartwright's hospitality.

Mrs. MacBride (nee Chrysler), wife of Professor MacBride of McGill University, Montreal, is in Ottawa, paying her parents a short visit, and her mother, Mrs. Chrysler, gave a very jolly young people's tea for Mrs. MacBride on Wednesday, when all her old chums were glad to have the pleasure of welcoming her home again for a few days.

Mrs. Harry Ward of Port Hope was the guest of honor at a bright luncheon party of twelve, at which Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemon was the hostess on Friday last. The table was beautifully decorated with tulips, and the guests were Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mrs. Hansard, Mrs. Kirchoff, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. Northrup of Belleville, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. H. McGiverin, Miss Doutre of Montreal, Miss Melvin-Jones of Toronto and Miss Ritchie. This very popular hostess entertained also at a girls' tea on Friday afternoon for her daughters, which was very largely attended by the many friends of the Misses Aileen, Gwendoline and Edith Clemon, who all looked very stylish, Miss Clemon in a pongee silk gown trimmed with blue velvet, Miss Gwendoline in white silk, and Miss Edith in blue voile and cream lace.

Mrs. A. G. Blair, wife of the Minister of Railways and Canals, held an evening reception on Thursday, and like Lady Laurier on the previous Thursday, it partook of the nature of a musically, several of the guests contributing to the evening's entertainment by singing most charmingly, they being Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Walter Dickie, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Logan. Some of the guests who availed themselves of Mrs. Blair's invitation were Lady Laurier, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Senator and Mrs. McMullen, Hon. William and Miss Hartley, Miss Reddan of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle of Cornwall, Senator and Mrs. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup of Belleville, and a great many others.

A most delightful dinner party, at which Sir Louis and Lady Davies were the host and hostess, came off on Thursday evening, the guests including the Earl of Dundonald, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Hon. Speaker and Madame Brodeur, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mr. Russell, M.P., Mr. Isaacs, M.P., and Judge Armour.

Dr. Horsey chose a most enjoyable mode of entertaining several of his friends on Thursday by taking them to Britannia to see the process of making maple sugar. A start was made from town by electric car early in the afternoon and after the party had witnessed the method of "sugaring" and had been refreshed with afternoon tea, they returned to town about six o'clock, having had an exceedingly jolly and interesting afternoon. Another of these "sugaring" parties drove to the sugary at Chelsea on Monday afternoon. It was chaperoned by Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and after the "sugaring" was over the party sat round a large bonfire and enjoyed a cup of tea.

The weather of late has been so warm and tempting for outdoor exercise that several young people have inaugurated walking parties, and on Saturday a party of twelve, chaperoned by Mrs. S. H. Fleming, had a tramp to Deschenes, where tea was partaken of, and they returned to town by electric car. The Harriers also have started their weekly runs for the season, and their first chase came off on Saturday, to see the start. The hares were Messrs. D'Arcy McGee, Harold Nutting, Gladwyn McDougall, Peter White and Captain Bell, A.D.C. Master Norman Fowler, who is only nine years old, was one of the harriers, and followed the hares over the whole route, which comprised nearly nine miles. His Excellency drove Lady Eileen Elliot, and Lady Minto, with her two younger daughters, Ladies Ruby and Violet Elliot, followed on horseback, as well as Captain Hughes, Mr. Guise, Miss Winifred Gormally, Miss Coates, Miss Moore, Mr. and Miss Southam, while a great many preferred following the route in carriages, among whom were Sir Sandford Fleming, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. Crombie, Miss M. Cartwright, Miss Dunlevie and many others. Montreal is now organizing a Harriers' Club, and there is talk of a challenge run being arranged between the two clubs in the near future.

Saturday's fine weather also tempted a great many golfers out to the Chelsea road links, and quite a fine afternoon's sport was enjoyed.

Several of the visitors who came to Ottawa for the Opening of Parliament and the Drawing-room, and were tempted to prolong their visits for another week or so, have left for their various homes, among them Miss Hartley and Miss Marion Reddan, who returned to Kingston on Saturday last; Miss Leonie Brown of Waterbury, Conn., who said "good-by" to her numerous friends on Friday, and Miss Bella Irvine, who has been visiting Mrs. Montizambert and has returned to Quebec. Miss Gladys Nordheimer expects to return to Toronto on Wednesday, and Miss Amy Douglas, who has been Mrs. Burridge's guest, left for the same place on Sunday.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Lilian Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Armstrong, to Mr. Oscar C. L. Arltz, B.A., LL.B., of New York.

June is by nearly everyone considered to be the month of the year most adapted for weddings, and I hear of four well-known society girls of Ottawa who are busy preparing for four interesting ceremonies which are to take place here in that most delightful "leafy" month.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 31.

Oh, Fudge!

Where did that very common word "fudge" come from, and what does it really mean? The antiquarian of the Boston "Journal" says the first appearance of the word in literature is in the description of the call of Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs on the Vicar of Wakefield's household. "But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out 'Fudge!' an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation." Does the word come from the provincial French "fûche" or the Low German "futsach"? Or shall we trace it to the story of 1700 quoted by the elder D'Israeli: "There was, sir, in our times, one Captain Fudge, who always brought home his owners a good cargo of lies, so much that now aboard the ship, the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You fudge it!'"

CLUB LIFE IN TORONTO.

Something About the Social, Political and Athletic Clubs and Club-Houses.

• CANADIAN CLUB.



The Founder, W. Sanford Evans.

enjoyed a vogue and popularity quite remarkable, starting in 1897 with a paltry score or two of members and possessing to-day a membership of eight hundred, with a waiting list of considerably over one hundred. The Canadian Club supplies in a limited way the craving of alert minds for instruction and intellectual entertainment, united with sociability and the pleasures of the table. Though without quarters of its own, it brings together once a week for luncheon several hundreds of representative Toronto young men. It affords opportunity for the discussion of current questions of interest to its members as Canadians and as citizens of the world. It has brought famous men to Toronto to speak upon subjects in which they are specialists. And it has stood for a broad and rugged Canadianism and the promotion of a national self-consciousness.

The club was organized in the autumn of 1897, Mr. Sanford Evans, a well-known journalist, now of Winnipeg, being the moving spirit and founder. The purpose of the organization, as set forth in the constitution, was to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature and resources of Canada and by endeavoring to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient. It was not till some time after its formation that the club assumed its present character. At first the meetings were occasional, not weekly, as they now are. Three or four months after its inception, the club inaugurated an informal weekly luncheon, but for some time this was a purely social affair and the expressed objects of the club were served at special meetings specially convened. Thus during the first six months of its existence there were held two open meetings, addressed by eminent writers and scholars, and a public banquet was tendered to Mr. (now Sir) Gilbert Parker.

But as the Canadian Club grew in popularity and its membership increased, the weekly luncheons became its distinguishing feature. For several years these were held on Friday. They are now held on Monday. As many as three hundred and fifty persons have sat down together at a single one of these gatherings, and the most serious problem that has recently confronted the club is to find accommodation ample for its needs in any of the restaurants of Toronto. At the weekly luncheon there is always some invited guest who addresses the club upon a set theme. Naturally the attendance varies with the reputation of the speaker and the popular character of the subject. There used to be many lively discussions participated in by the members of the club, but the organization has become too large to admit of general debate on a question introduced by a speaker, and extempore contributions to the programme are now a thing of the past.

Among the distinguished personages not residents of Toronto who have accepted the hospitality and contributed to the entertainment of the Canadian Club may be mentioned Sir Gilbert Parker, Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), the late Nicholas Flood Davin, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, Professor Adam Shortt, the late Principal Grant, the late Sir John George Bourinot, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Hon. Tom L. Johnson of Ohio, Dr. J. W. Tyrrell, Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Dr. Benjamin Russell, M.P., Hon. Howard G. Crosby, Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., Speaker Ewart Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., Principal Mills of the Ontario Agricultural College, Mr. J. Lorne McDougall, Professor James W. Robertson of Ottawa, Mr. Booker T. Washington, Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. S. J. Barrows of Washington, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts.

Not the least important benefit conferred on the community by the Canadian Club is the marking of historical places in and about Toronto with marble and bronze tablets appropriately inscribed. This work has been in charge of Mr. Frank Yeigh, as convener of the Historical Tablets Committee, and the best evidence of the zeal with which Mr. Yeigh and his committee have pursued their object (and sometimes, as was necessary, the lukewarm and procrastinating modern owners of ancient landmarks) may be found in the following list of buildings and sites which have been or are soon to be marked with tablets for the information of oncoming generations: The Old Fort (two inscriptions—one at eastern and one at western gate); Consumers' Gas Company's building (site of first legislative building of Ontario and third Toronto jail); old Parliament buildings, Front street west; St. John's

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First President Canadian Club.D. BRUCE MACDONALD,
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enjoyed a vogue and popularity quite remarkable, starting in 1897 with a paltry score or two of members and possessing to-day a membership of eight hundred, with a waiting list of considerably over one hundred. The Canadian Club supplies in a limited way the craving of alert minds for instruction and intellectual entertainment, united with sociability and the pleasures of the table. Though without quarters of its own, it brings together once a week for luncheon several hundreds of representative Toronto young men. It affords opportunity for the discussion of current questions of interest to its members as Canadians and as citizens of the world. It has brought famous men to Toronto to speak upon subjects in which they are specialists. And it has stood for a broad and rugged Canadianism and the promotion of a national self-consciousness.

The club was organized in the autumn of 1897, Mr. Sanford Evans, a well-known journalist, now of Winnipeg, being the moving spirit and founder. The purpose of the organization, as set forth in the constitution, was to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature and resources of Canada and by endeavoring to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient. It was not till some time after its formation that the club assumed its present character. At first the meetings were occasional, not weekly, as they now are. Three or four months after its inception, the club inaugurated an informal weekly luncheon, but for some time this was a purely social affair and the expressed objects of the club were served at special meetings specially convened. Thus during the first six months of its existence there were held two open meetings, addressed by eminent writers and scholars, and a public banquet was tendered to Mr. (now Sir) Gilbert Parker.

But as the Canadian Club grew in popularity and its membership increased, the weekly luncheons became its distinguishing feature. For several years these were held on Friday. They are now held on Monday. As many as three hundred and fifty persons have sat down together at a single one of these gatherings, and the most serious problem that has recently confronted the club is to find accommodation ample for its needs in any of the restaurants of Toronto. At the weekly luncheon there is always some invited guest who addresses the club upon a set theme. Naturally the attendance varies with the reputation of the speaker and the popular character of the subject. There used to be many lively discussions participated in by the members of the club, but the organization has become too large to admit of general debate on a question introduced by a speaker, and extempore contributions to the programme are now a thing of the past.

Among the distinguished personages not residents of Toronto who have accepted the hospitality and contributed to the entertainment of the Canadian Club may be mentioned Sir Gilbert Parker, Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), the late Nicholas Flood Davin, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, Professor Adam Shortt, the late Principal Grant, the late Sir John George Bourinot, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Hon. Tom L. Johnson of Ohio, Dr. J. W. Tyrrell, Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Dr. Benjamin Russell, M.P., Hon. Howard G. Crosby, Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., Speaker Ewart Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., Principal Mills of the Ontario Agricultural College, Mr. J. Lorne McDougall, Professor James W. Robertson of Ottawa, Mr. Booker T. Washington, Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. S. J. Barrows of Washington, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts.

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Our Place in the Universe.

OME interesting comments on Alfred Russel Wallace's recently published theory of the universe, according to which the earth and man are at its center, are made in the "Independent" by Professor W. H. Pickering of Harvard. In the first place, Professor Pickering thinks that Wallace's conclusion that the universe is limited is not upheld by the evidence that he offers. "It is true," he allows, "that the increasing power of our telescopes and cameras shows a constantly decreasing increment in the number of stars revealed by them; but this it seems to me, does not indicate that we have reached the limits of the stellar system, but rather that we are still very far from them. An approach to the limits would be marked by a sudden instead of a gradual decline in the number of additional stars observed. It may be shown mathematically, assuming all the stars to be alike, that with each additional magnitude we should increase the total number of stars four times. That is to say, suppose that in a certain region in the heavens we want to find five stars brighter than the sixth magnitude. Then we should expect to find twenty stars brighter than the seventh magnitude, eighty stars brighter than the eighth, three hundred and twenty stars brighter than the ninth, and so on. In point of fact the ratio four is seldom reached, and never held long, even among the brighter stars, while among the fainter ones much smaller ratios are found to obtain. . . . This really means apparently one of three things: either, first, that as we recede from our sun the stars grow smaller; second, that, as we recede, the stars grow farther and farther apart; or, third, that there is an absorbing medium in space which makes the remoter stars appear fainter than would otherwise be the case. It is possible that all three of these hypotheses are correct, but it is not likely that we are near the edge of the universe as yet.

"With regard to our position in the exact center of the Milky Way, Mr. Wallace seems to have been led into error by the accuracy of the figures given by Sir John Herschel. Many astronomers, especially in former times, were in the habit of giving their numerical results in very small fractions of the second of arc, whereas, in point of fact, they could not measure the given distance perhaps within several minutes. This seems to be the case in the present instance.

If the Milky Way were merely a hazy uniform band of light, we might locate its medial line with some approach to accuracy. A close examination, however, shows that it is, on the contrary, a branching structure of most irregular form and brilliancy, sometimes one side being the brighter and sometimes the other, and it would not be possible for any two observers, or indeed for any single observer working on different nights, to agree within as much as a degree as to where the medial line should properly be drawn. . . . Assuming, however, that we are within one degree of the medial plane, and within ten per cent. of its central position, which is indeed quite possible, it may readily be shown that there are from one to ten thousand stars that are just as likely to be located in the central position as we ourselves. That is to say, any one of our naked-eye stars may be the central one. But again, supposing our sun is the central star, what of it? If we are central to-day, since we are moving about fourteen miles every second straight toward one side of the Milky Way, we are not likely to remain central very long, and when the human race first appeared, perhaps one hundred thousand years ago, we certainly could not have been anything like central. It would therefore appear that our sun is no more likely to control the one favored planet of the universe, on this hypothesis, than any other of the three or four thousand stars that are visible to the naked eye upon a clear night."

With regard to the habitability of the various planets, Professor Pickering seems to agree in the main with Mr. Wallace, although he will not admit that there is no possibility at all that Mars is inhabited. He says in conclusion: "It has been said that if an angel were to have paid a brief visit to the earth once every hundred thousand years, he would have come perhaps a thousand times since the earth first separated from the sun, but only once would he have found intelligent life upon its surface. From this we may argue that if we ourselves could now visit one thousand planets that were capable sooner or later of supporting life, on only one of them could we properly expect to find inhabitants of a degree of intelligence equal to that, let us say, of our own ancestors ten or twenty thousand years ago. From this point of view, perhaps, we may claim that we really are the most intelligent animals in the universe, at the present moment.

At the same time I fear we must admit that there is very little evidence from an astronomical standpoint which can be gathered in support of such a claim."

When Love Came.

THREE of the principal subjects which came up for discussion at the National Dressmakers' Association in Chicago last week was the shirt-waist. It was declared common, bourgeoisie, and a menace to the profits of the hard-working dressmaker. Mme. Baker, one of the leading speakers, said: "Fight against the shirt-waist all you can. Talk them down all you can. They are a danger to every modiste. How can we expect to do a successful business when shirt-waists, which are in the mode, can be bought at any of the department stores for from \$8 to \$12? Can we afford to spend our time making shirt-waists which net only a trivial profit? From a business point of view, the shirt-waist is a foe to our profession—and they aren't pretty, anyway." Warning against the "dressmakers' face" was also issued by the lecturer. She said that the strained, agonized expression of the modiste on a still hunt after ideas was becoming as well known as the bicycle, the golf, or the football face, and urged her hearers to look pleasant and forget their trials. The "dressmakers' face" was, she declared, especially prevalent at this time of year in the chase after spring and summer patterns. Some of the dicta in regard to the construction of gowns which the speaker laid down were as follows: Trains are tabooed; skirts must be no longer than barely to touch the ground; everything must be smooth about the hips; the skirt without a yoke has no place in fashions; short sleeves are bad form for street wear, even in the hottest of dog-days; blouses are no longer the thing; waists are to have a pompadour effect; and big sleeves are coming in again—sleeves with a puff at the shoulder like those in the celebrated Marie Stuart picture.

Pursuit.

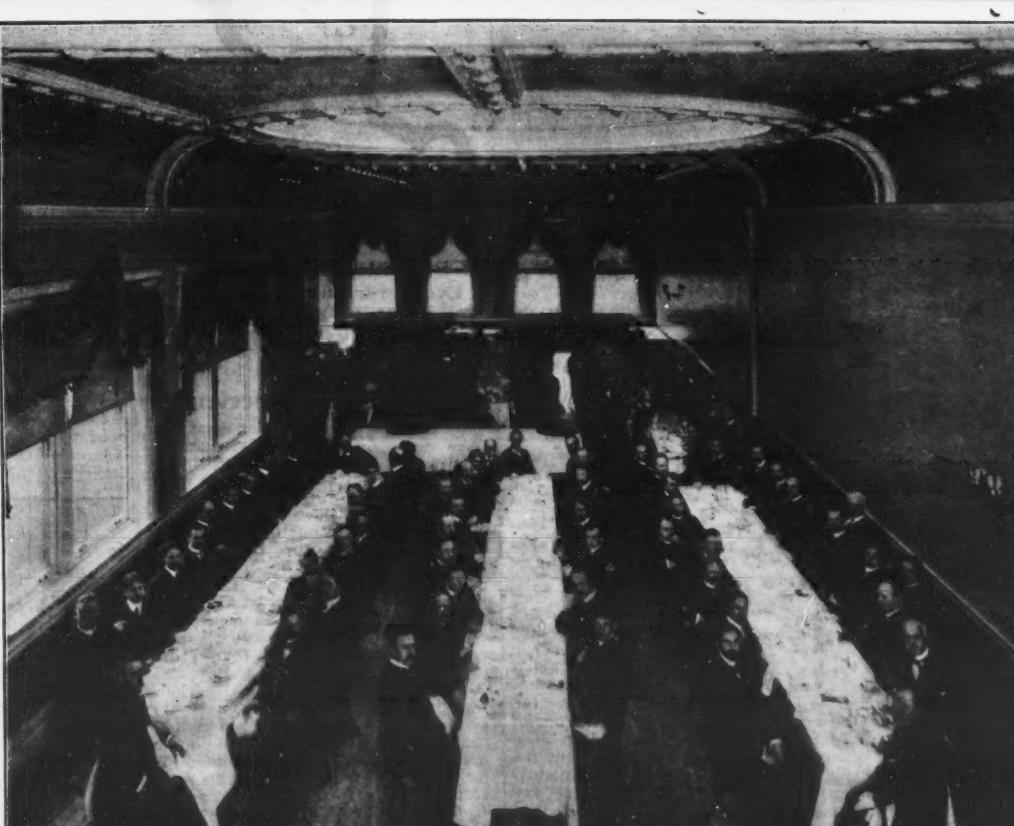
A boy once chased a butterfly; it led him far away; He ran till he was out of breath, until the twilight grey; His hands were torn with briars, and his weary legs were sore—

And when he caught the fluttering thing he valued it no more.

A man once chased a dollar and he ran with might and main, Unmoved by other pleasures and indifferent to pain.

And when a glittering fortune in his grasp quite safely lay,

He said, "I'll turn philanthropist and give it all away!" —Washington "Evening Star."



Members of the Canadian Club at their Weekly Luncheon.

More Devilled Proverbs.

Apropos of our specimens last week of "Devilled Proverbs," a correspondent sends us a clever version of a good old saw:

"Teach not your parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of an egg by suction;
That good old lady can thefeat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction."

Here are a few more furnished by another correspondent:

"A pebble in a state of circumlocution acquires not the leathes of moral vegetation."

"The mendicant once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice sure will undoubtedly go,
And end his career in the regions below."

"Persons, the apertures of whose mansions are of vitrified sand, should not project fragments of granite."

"Desecrate your forage under the radiance of the empyrean."

At a distinguished gathering in Vienna the other day, Dr. Lorenz jestingly remarked that the greatest ordeals to which he had to submit during his recent visit to the United States were "the mania for banqueting foreign celebrities to death" and the "tyranny of the American toastmaster."

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Anecdotal.

A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his boots, which had been placed outside his room door, had not been touched. "Ah, shure," said the landlord, "and you might put your watch and chain out-side your room door in this house, and they wouldn't be touched."

Senator Hanna told to a group of his fellow-Senators the other day this story: "In Lisbon, where I was born, they say a black man and a white man were once riding together along a lonely road. The road led past a jail, and in the courtyard of the jail they saw, rising above the high and dismal stone wall, a gallows. 'Jim,' said the white man, 'where would you be if that gallows had its due?' 'Guess ahd' be ridin' alone, sah,' Jim replied."

The Democrats of Rochester, New York, eager to get out their full strength at next election, sent word to S. B. Anthony, 17 Madison street, marked "Democrat" in the poll-book, just before the last day of registration, that "unless you register you cannot vote." They got the following answer a day or two later: "In response to your notice of this kind in 1872 I did register, and later voted. For this I was arrested, fined one hundred dollars, and sent to jail. You will excuse me if I decline to repeat this experience.—Susan B. Anthony."

Poulton Bigelow attempted on one occasion to interview "Oom Paul" Kruger and met with about the same fate that many interviewers have had with the former President of the Boers. He found the old man in a very bad humor, and could get only monosyllables in reply to his questions. He employed every art of the interviewer, but to no avail. Finally, despairing of getting any information of use to him by straight questioning, he determined to be diplomatic and approach Mr. Kruger from his family side. So he asked, very nonchalantly: "Is your wife entertaining this season?" Short and sharp came the gruff answer: "Not very." And the interview closed there.

The autobiography of Sir Henry Layard, which has just appeared in England, has this story about Disraeli: "My aunt was wont to relate that on one occasion, when hotly engaged in a political argument, he said, with great warmth, 'When I am Prime Minister I shall do so and so,' at which there was a general laugh. He was walking excitedly up and down the room, and, advancing to the chimney piece, struck it violently with his fist, exclaiming at the same time, 'Laugh as you may, I shall be Prime Minister.' Layard adds: 'I have no doubt of the truth of this story.'

"The Book Shop."

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as I heard it frequently from my aunt long before the possibility of his rising to that lofty position was contemplated."

The late J. E. Boehm, the sculptor, once met Gladstone at a country house, and was immensely impressed by the extent and diversity of the statesman's knowledge, as revealed in his conversation. Boehm was still full of the subject when the morning arrived for Carlyle's sitting for a bust, and to the philosopher the sculptor poured forth his admiration for Gladstone's intimate acquaintance with subjects so far apart as gardening and Greek. Carlyle listened for a time in scornful silence. Then he said: "And what did he say about your work?" "Oh, nothing," said Boehm; "he doesn't know anything about sculpture." "Of course," growled Carlyle, "of course, and he showed his knowledge about things that you didn't understand. No doubt if you asked Blackie he'd say that Gladstone knew nothing about Greek and the gardener would tell you that he knew nothing whatever of gardening."

When Mrs. "Jack" Gardner entertained the famous and mysterious Thursday Club, at her equally famous and mysterious Italian palace, in the suburbs of Boston, the Thursday before Washington's birthday, the weather was as inhospitable as it was un-Italian. With forty degrees of frost outside, it was impossible to raise many degrees of warmth inside by the sole aid of twelfth-century, open fire-places. Yet the dignified Thursdays sat through a somewhat lengthy programme in regulation evening attire, with seeming lack of discomfort, and proved themselves the thoroughbreds that they are, although the marrow was frozen in their aristocratic bones. But the dignity of the occasion did not preclude some witty comments, one of which came from the wife of one of the frozen ones. Said she, when told of the disconcert of the occasion: "How fortunate for Mrs. Jack; all she needed to complete her palace was a frieze of eminent Bostonians."

J. L. Toole, the comedian, relates this story of how he was entertained by Bret Harte at a luncheon in London: "After a greeting from my host, he said, 'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans.' 'Oh! yes,' I said, with a smile, and shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming that character, as I thought. Then he introduced me to Sir George Trevelyan, and I had hardly shaken hands with him when my host said: 'I would like to introduce you to Count Bismarck.' 'Oh! yes,' I said, bowing to the new-comer; 'how many more of you are there? Where is Von Moltke, for instance?' Bret Harte laughed, so did Trevelyan; a comedian is allowed certain privileges, and my remark was complimentary; but I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself. At luncheon I said to the man who sat next to me, 'Who is the gentleman Harte introduced me to as St. Albans?' 'The Duke of St. Albans,' he replied. 'And the man opposite?' 'No,' I said, 'really?' 'Oh! yes,' he said. 'And the man talking to him?' 'That is Sir George Trevelyan.' I was never more sold in my life."

Family Jar in Public.

Although 'twas in a public place, My wife and I stood face to face, When suddenly she rushed at me.

I pushed her with no gentle touch; She staggered back and nearly fell; Then with a wild, excited clutch, She tore the rose from my lapel.

I grabbed her by the arm, and she, Her face as crimson as the rose, Clawed in a frantic way at me, And stamped upon my tender toes.

I seized her in a rude embrace, Which only added to the brawl, For as I tore a bit of lace She jabbed me with her parasol.

Perhaps I should explain that we Were standing in a crowded car, And every stop and start, you see, Hurled us together with a jar.

—Brooklyn "Eagle."

The Anglo-Saxon Conquest.

If language is a true measure of conquest, the Anglo-Saxon is rapidly conquering the European continent. "High-life," pronounced "high-life," has long been in use; "lo-sport" and "il-yacht" are every-day matters in Italy; continental papers talk casually of "il-globe-trotter" and "il-reporter;" and "meetings" have usurped the place of all Latin synonyms, and in Italy gets its plural regularly—"meetingai," like any other good Italian noun. An enterprising shop, calling itself "The Handy Things Company," advertises an ice cream freezer, "The Easy."

A fresh Anglicism introduced lately created little short of a literary tumult in Rome. The first subway in the "Eternal City," a short passage under the Quirinal hill, was lately opened to the public, who promptly christened it, "Il Tunnel." Patriotic indignation was awakened. "Tramway" had been accepted, but indignant professors and students besieged the Roman papers, demanding to know what had become of "traforo" or "galleria," good Italian words, and where this English madness was to end. Nevertheless, "il tunnel" thus far holds its own.

A writer to an important Roman paper recently published an article bearing the singular title, "At Flat," in which she described the meaning of "these two mysterious syllables, among the less familiar of those English phrases relating to domestic life, such as 'home,' 'comfortable,' 'cosy,' 'luncheon,' 'five o'clock tea' and the like."

"At flat" she explained to mean living "a piatto," like certain trimmings placed "a piatto" upon a gown, and she discovered the term to have a deep psychological significance, implying a mode of existence in strata, which English people delighted in.

English is invading the schools, also; one continental college now allots five hours, where formerly it allotted two hours' work, to English and German.

Tourist—My friend Jenkins died here some months ago, you say. What of? Alkali Ike—Waal, I reckon ye might call it heart trouble. Tourist—Heart trouble? Alkali Ike—Yes, it was a royal flush of hearts that he showed down against Bad Bill's four aces.—Philadelphia "Press."



What Do You Think? Es lebe das Leben.

Feline Ways.

"U" HAT do you think of the divorce question?" enquires a woman in a letter full of questions and funny comment. You have to ask further back, if you please, my friend. Ask me what I think of any solemn obligation in the fulfilling of which my honor is concerned. Ask me whether I am a being of moods and passions, impatient, exacting, wilful or vain; ask me if my heart is strong and my soul inspired by high and pure ideals; ask me if duty has its proper significance in my vocabulary, and if personal dignity and worth are shared with kind feeling and sympathy, and sometimes comprehension of the failings of others as well as of my own. Ask me if home means anything to me, if I've been taught and trained to believe that it's worth while making the best of things, for there's always hope they will repay one; if by precept and example I've been shown that a sacred promise is unbreakable, and that no matter who comes short of it, or in what connection, my oath is still before me! After you've asked me these and a few more questions, you won't ask perhaps so jauntily what I think of divorce. But we must each think our own thoughts and act upon them, so that your thoughts on divorce are not under my control, and I don't even say they are not as good as mine. It has been suggested in a thoughtful article in a high-class New York magazine that a stricter supervision of marriages might lessen the frailty of the tie. We are what is called across the line "old-fashioned" in our more careful and serious contemplation of the joining of two lives, which is, in the crude set which makes the most noise in the Republic, discussed with lightness and badinage which screams of vulgarity. We have still our feet on the necks of these vulgarians, and no doubt the sorry tale of married bondage, the easy breaking away from irksome fettters and the disclosures of tragedies which involve the degradation of every standard of dignity and purity of life will warn our young folks that the light and easy methods are dangerous. What do I think of divorce? Just the same as I do of amputation. Now do you understand?

A very amusing game made hilarious hours the other night. It was simply a competition of rhyming on the names of the company. I wish I might quote you a few of the daring couplets, quatrains and, more extended "Limericks" which the clever people of the party composed. Each took his next neighbor's name either as a rhyme, a pun, or a subject. Sometimes the result was so true and so pitiful that a gasp struggled with the shout of mirth which good-fellowship demanded. Try the game some time when you are with smart and amiable people and you'll have fun. Just to show that there was no hard feeling I'll tell you a rough one on me. The man and I aren't speaking just now (his telephone is busy, but Central says she'll get it as soon as she can!) He wrote:

"Dear Lady Gay! you charm me so; And how you do it I don't know. You're neither witty, wise nor fair, And yet your smiles I joy to share. I'm growing old, perhaps I bore you, If I were younger I'd adore you!"

I am afraid I gave it him rather nastily in return, but, then, he was hard on me.

"Old friend, your honey and your gall On my conceit too heavy fall. Since you are deaf and dull and blind, How could I charm your wayward mind?

How thankful I should be 'tis so, That you were born so long ago!"

With what is your life flavored? I have a fancy that I can smell people's lives! There is a subtle fragrance, evanescent, exquisite but permeating, the fragrance of good works, and there is a piquante, exhilarating, pungent fragrance of keen thinking and ascetic living, and there is a rich, full fragrance of a life of loving and being loved, and a thin, aromatic fragrance of the single woman, a shrine without a worshipper, and there is a patchouli smell, of selfish materialism, egotism, grossness. Did you not ever instinctively shrink from the smell of a life like that? And there are smells that one does not classify, only holds one's nose! I actually never see one person I know that I don't smell onions. It means such an aggressively vulgar life, you know. There is a life which smells of delicate tobacco smoke, a refined, sporty and sometimes studious life, and there is a coarser odor of tobacco, just faintly touched with honey-soap, the smell of the bounder, God pity him, for I don't believe I could! And there are lives that smell of face-powder, orris and lilac, the artificial made-up lives, that need so much patience to endure, when one has to be of them for a season. I think I should like someone to smell my life, cock a knowing eye and say, "Mint!" the cleanest smell on earth, I think.

Across this Quicksand stretched a very

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over the baby's face and took a nice nap for about ten minutes. Then, never looking to right nor left, he leapt down noiselessly and left the nursery. Presently he heard a wild yell from the nurse, and as he lay down comfortably on the satin and lace chair his tail waved slowly and his eyes narrowed, and he purred sweetly till he fell asleep. It was quite week before he went into the nursery again. The room was very still, and the little gilt bed was empty. For the third time the black cat leapt into it and curled himself to sleep. The young mother, in trailing garments, as black as the cat, crept into the room, and to the little bed. She sank on her knees and covered her face with her hands. The black cat sat up and reaching out a paw touched her softly, uttering a plaintive mew, and then licked her finger. "Poor old pussy," sobbed the mother, gathering him in her arms and laying her damp cheek on his soft side, "I believe you know about baby! Are you sorry too, pussy? Do you miss the angel boy?" And the black cat purred gently into her ear and soothed her, and his tail waved in great, pleasant, graceful curves, and his pale green eyes looked more inscrutable than ever, as the mother folded him. Did he know? What do not black cats know? And are they not nice things to have about?"

LADY GAY.

slender Plank that led safely to the other side, and on this they ventured. Just as they reached the middle, the Girl became frightened, lost her balance and fell. With one horror-stricken look, the Boy turned and fled safely to the Other Side. The Girl's piercing screams brought all the other Children who were playing along the beach. But instead of trying to help her, they stood just far enough away to be safe, and laughed. Some of them even threw sand at her with their little shovels, while the Boy shut his eyes that he might not see the appeal in the dear eyes he had loved, and resolutely walked away.

Suddenly one Boy, bigger and braver than the rest, pushed his way through the crowd and hastened to the middle of the frail Plank. Stooping over the half-unconscious Girl, he bade her clasp her arms about his neck. Then slowly and gently he drew her up beside him, and led her carefully to firm ground, while all the other Children stopped gazing and stared.

When the poor stunned Child realized that she was once more safe, she raised her eyes to his face with a passionate devotion that was never to fade, and a great white light enveloped them both, purifying her soiled white gown till she was once more as fair as a lily.—The Modern Aesop.

Feminine Frailty.

"My dear Gertrude, how glad I am to see you! Do you lunch here often? I come quite frequently. Fascinating, isn't it? I love the music; it is so weird, so deliciously barbaric. We will sit here and eat together. Waiter, bring me a salad, French dressing—see that the oil is very fresh!—and wafer and tea. Gertrude, dear, I always lunch so lightly; I have really little appetite; shopping is so fatiguing. Just the salad, waiter, and a pot of tea. Why, here comes Jimmie Gray! They say he is engaged to Mrs. Kidd, the grass widow. I don't believe it. Hello, Jimmie! How do you do? What a pleasure to see you! Gertrude, you and Mr. Gray are old friends, aren't you? May you lunch with us, Jimmie? Certainly. We were just about to give our order; you are quite in time. Waiter, blue points and then

The Meanest Man.**Gringo Pete of Perro Blanco.**

I recalls you asks me a while ago about the meanest man I ever met durin' my travels on the desert. Well, pardner, I meet so many mean men along the trail I follers all these forty years, an' I views so many specimens of refined orn'liness that I shore finds it a hard thing to specify the chief malefactor of the herd. But if you was to set all the citizens of Perro Blanco to votin' on the subject, you can bet your life Gringo Pete would win the title by a mile.

Perro Blanco's a little mining town on the edge of the Mojave Desert. They's nothin' much there beyond seven saloons and a boardin'-house, and the stage stable with its big corrals. It ain't a big place, but it makes up in excitement what it lacks in size. There's never any ongwee in Perro Blanco. A man knows he's livin' every minute that he's a resident of the enterprisin' town; and if he begins to act as though he was forgettin' of it, he's shot up a whole lot to make him more fervent in his appreciation of life in general.

Now it's been a fine, rainy winter, and we've all been busy as gophers placerin' in the little foot-hills back of town. It's shore been a busy season, and we nacherly scoops the gold dust out of the ground. Gringo Pete strikes our camp early in the winter, and stays plumb through till spring. He takes a run back in the mountains occasional, but he never dwells none definite on them travels. He mentions that he has a rich claim back in the hills, but he don't locate 'em, and we has too good a savey of mining ethics to go delivin' into no mysteries of any gent in Perro Blanco. We concedes that he has a rich thing back there somewhere, and we lets it go at that. We're too busy, anyway, to take much interest in any visitin' gent's dreams of wealth.

It's late in the spring, or maybe early in the summer, and the water has nigh stopped runnin'. We've all come down from the diggin's and cashed in our dust for the season. Not a man that hasn't enough yaller metal to load a burro, figuratively speakin'. The camp fairly reeks with wealth, and the saloons is doin' a business that would make the ordinary man weep tears of happiness with the mere observin' it.

We'd most forgot Gringo Pete, for he'd been away for nearly three weeks; and then we had money to buy whiskey with, so natchell we ain't so homesick for him as we was.

But one day Gringo Pete comes into camp—nobody knows where from—plumb loco with excitement. He gives it out that he's struck it rich. Reglar El Dorado. Quartz lead that's goin' to make the Comstock look like a pile of slickin's after a rain. He wants to buy for the whole camp and turn the night into one long, glad hallelujah. Now, bein' placer miners, we hasn't much use for hard-rock minin'; but we loves Gringo Pete, for we sudden remembers what he's done for us all durin' the thirsty season. So we falls in with this exultation of his, and prepares to drink to his success in a way that won't lower the reputation of Perro Blanco none in the eyes of the world as a town which can be depended on in a celebration.

So about dark Gringo Pete rolls out a cask of licker and taps the same. He gives it out cold that he's goin' to be all busted up in his feelin's if they's a drop left in the mornin'. Then the festivities begins.

I don't know whether that snake mix is extra strong or whether Gringo Pete doctors it some; but I tells you solemn that before midnight the whole population of Perro Blanco, from the bartender to the Red Butte stage-driver, is layin' out behind the saloon, plumb dead to the world, as may mention as I goes along that it's three days before we gets over the said slumber and comes back to earth again.

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Dave Soule relates in a mournful voice how they keeps him in prison for a while, but not bein' able to prove nothin' agin' him, they turns him loose with the warnin' never to do it again. Dave hasn't any money; so he tries to beat his way back to the desert, ridin' in a box-car. He succeeds elegant till he gets to Coyote Wells, when a brakeman that's bigger than him comes along an' hauls him up some joyous an' kicks Dave out of the car an' into a cactus patch, while the train rolls merrily on an' disappears in the night, with a red light winking back sardonically at poor Dave, who limps ahead, too bad whipped to even cass. But after hikin' for a day an' half, he reaches Perro Blanco, only to find they ain't a drop of licker within eighty miles.

While he's tellin' these melancholy stories we hears a whinny, an' up to the corral drags Dave Soule's bronco—gaunt and lame, and half-starved-looking. Dave goes out an' rounds him up, sort of apathetic; and twisted in the old skates's tail he finds this message:

"Dear Dave—I regret to inform you that your bronc can't stand the strenuous life of a buccaneer; so I turns him loose to bear my respects back to Perro Blanco, together with the hope that you all never forgets Gringo Pete's lucky strike an' Perro Blanco's celebration of the same!"

Gringo Pete thanks Perro Blanco for assistin' him in makin' his second big strike! His heart is mighty heavy that they's goin' to be such a long trail between, but duty calls and her slave obeys!"

And the durn coyote signs his name in full!

Now, it's about sunrise the next mornin' when Dave Soule comes ridin' into camp from Pinto Canyon. It seems that Gringo Pete plumb overlooks Dave in his calculations. Dave's the worst man in Perro Blanco, and we're proud of him.

And when Dave Soule hits the town and reads that notice on the saloon door and then goes out behind the shack and views the slumberin' population of Perro Blanco, he shore is in a fightin' rage. Dave goes about among his feller-citizens and kicks and curses them most copious; but he wastes his efforts, for no one wakes up to reward him for his arduous labors. Then Dave climbs aboard of his bronk, takes up Pete's trail, and tears away across the desert, cussin' and gnashin' his teeth a heap zealous. He puts it up to himself straight that he shore means to skin Gringo Pete alive and tack his hide up on the door of the boardin'-house before sunset. An', judgin' from Dave's general disposition, I still deems that he means just what he said.

It's maybe ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Dave has fuddled the trail to where it joins the railroad through Greasewood Canyon. Dave has made good time, for Gringo Pete leaves a trail a tenderfoot couldn't lose if he tried. It's easy to see he estimates that Perro Blanco is due to sleep for several days right along most asidious, and he isn't aimin' to weary himself or his animals by no arduous hustlin'. Besides, he loves the desert,

and he rides along slow a-whistlin' to himself a Spanish dance and admiring the beauties of nature a whole lot. But he ain't leavin' out no precautions; and all the while he's loiterin' along he's keepin' one eye on the San Berdo Mountains and the other rollin' back along the trail; for Gringo Pete's plenty foxy, and he don't figure on takin' no return trip to Perro Blanco—which community he bids farewell to with lots o' zest.

Well, as I'm sayin', this yere Dave Soule plunges into Greasewood Canyon, ridin' harder an' harder as the trail gets fresher, an' he feels himself gettin' madder an' madder. Suddenly, as he goes humpin' round a bend in the trail—zif! a rope flicks out of the brush behind and snakes him out o' the saddle with a loop around his arms, and the bronk shoots ahead an' stops, while Dave hits the sand like a sack o' flour, and wonders, dazed like, what's the matter.

But he don't wonder long; for out steps Gringo Pete, smilin' an' gay as ever, an' holds a gun on Dave, while he cinches the rope good an' safe. Then Dave finds his tongue, an' the way he brags about brimstone an' sulphur to Gringo Pete shore makes me blush to talk about. But Pete ain't lettin' it disturb his serenity none. He's willin' to let the other feller cuss, so long as he has the winnin' hand for his share.

"Well, well, my old friend Dave!" says Gringo Pete, smilin' sort of injured like, "was you goin' to pass right by an' never speak? After all the drinks I buys for you, too?"

But Dave Soule don't have no relish for them little pleasantries. He grows more an' more profane, while Gringo goes through his pockets an' relieves him of everything of value. Then Pete ties Dave's hands good an' firm, loops the end of the riata through his belt, an' thinks a while. Presently he smiles again, as though he had a beautiful idea. He walks down the trail a little, and pretty soon comes back with another rope. He ties it to the end of the one that's looped in Dave's belt and throws it over the telegraph wire. Then he climbs aboard of Dave's horse, takes a half-hitch with the rope around the saddle-horn, digs the spurs into the skate, an' up Dave goes to the wire, where he hangs, all sprawled out like a big flying lizard, still cussin' an' foamin' most fluent.

Gringo Pete laughs an' laughs, till he's so weak he can hardly set in his saddle. Then he starts up the bronk again an' rides round an' round the telegraph pole, till the rope is made good an' fast. Then he gets off, ties the end of the same to the bottom of the pole, and stands off to admire his handiwork.

"Which I hangs you up in the breezes like a flag o' liberty!" grins Gringo Pete.

"I'm shore proud o' my efforts, an' goes my way a-leavin' of the world to judge as to the merits of the same!" and with that he waves his hand to Dave Soule an' gallops off down the sandy trail on David's own horse, leavin' Dave swayin' gracefull an' solitary in the air.

Along about three o'clock in the afternoon Dave ain't conscious any more. The sun's shinin' some fierce, an' it's shore roasting poor Dave to a frazzle. His tongue's hangin' out, all black an' dry, an' they's a husky rattlin' in his throat.

If Dave was awake, he'd undoubtably appreciate a drink o' water.

Just about that time they's a freight train comes languishin' along through the desert with a load of ore. The train hands notice Dave danglin' in the atmosphere. At first they regards him casual like, for they natchell infers he's the remnants o' some vigilance meetin'; but when they gets closer they notices that he's hanged by the waist, and not by the neck. This excites their curiosity some powerful; an' as they hasn't much to do that afternoon, they stops an' takes him down behind the saloon, plumb dead to the world, as may mention as I goes along that it's three days before we gets over the said slumber and comes back to earth again.

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But he can't talk yet, an' the railroad men ain't none wise on the sign language. Besides, they one an' all plays him for a hossie; so they takes him on to Los Angeles and domiciles him in the city jail.

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"**A**NGLICAN," Barrie, calls my attention to the fact that in the articles on church music in Toronto, recently concluded in "Saturday Night," the term "surprised choirs" was incorrectly used, and contends that the proper description is "vested choirs." The correspondent is undoubtedly right, and the term "surprised choirs" was employed simply because the articles were intended for the general public, who might not perhaps understand exactly what "vested choirs" meant. It may be as well to correct the impression made in some quarters that the "vested choir" is an adoption of ritualistic practices. The vested choir is an old institution in the Church of England, and the singers have always been placed in the chancel. The Roman Catholic churches, with very few exceptions, do not have vested choirs.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who is to be the principal conductor of the Cycle of Music Festivals organized by Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, is now in Canada, and by the time this issue of "Saturday Night" reaches its readers will have had some practical experience of the efficiency and quality of Canadian choruses. The Toronto Festival will take place in Massey Hall on the 16th, 17th and 18th, and will consist of three evening concerts and a matinee. The initial event is entitled "Mackenzie Night," and will be devoted entirely to the compositions of Sir Alexander. The programme includes the "Coronation March," dedicated to the King and performed at the coronation service at Westminster Abbey; the "Thanksgiving Song for Peace, June 1, 1902," from the suite "London, Day By Day;" the "Burns" Scottish Rhapsody No. 2, all of which will be played by the Chicago Rosenbecker Orchestra of fifty musicians; three of Shakespeare's sonnets, to be sung by Mr. Reginald Davidson, and the "Dream of Jubal," for soprano and tenor solo voices, Toronto Festival chorus and orchestra. The reciter in "The Dream of Jubal" will be Mr. Charles Fry, who created the part at the festival performances of the work in Great Britain. The second concert or Friday evening event will be taken up with Sullivan's "Golden Legend," a work familiar to Toronto; Mackenzie's orchestral suite, "London, Day By Day," and Dr. Villiers Stanford's ballad, "The Battle of the Baltic." The chorus will be the Toronto Festival, under the direction of Dr. Torrington. The matinee concert will be of a miscellaneous character, and will include F. Corde's overture, "Prospero," the "Ballade" from F. Cliffe's "Symphony in C minor," Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody, No. 1," F. H. Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, and Mackenzie's overture, "The Cricket on the Hearth." Saturday evening will be "National Night," and the chorus will be one of 300 voices, under the direction of Dr. Ham. The principal work will be Dr. Elgar's ballad for chorus and orchestra and soprano solo, "The Banner of St. George," in which Mme. Blauvelt will be the soloist. Hamish McCunn's overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," will be introduced, and other numbers will be the introduction to the "Coronation Mass" of Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, Mackenzie's "Cotter's Saturday Night" for chorus and orchestra, Mackenzie's nautical overture, "Britannia," Cowen's "Country Dances," the "Scherzo" from Stanford's "Irish Symphony," and several vocal excerpts. The solo vocalists at the four concerts, in addition to those already mentioned, will be Millennium Brennan of Paris and Ethel Wood, London, soprani; Wilfrid Virgo, tenor, and Watkin Mills, bass. The guarantee list for the Toronto Festival now amounts to \$40,000, and it is said that the subscribers' list is very large. The Festival will give music-lovers of the city a full and splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with the present position of British musical composition and creative activity.

The choir of Wesley Methodist Church, corner Dundas street and Ossington avenue, will give a service of praise on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., under the direction of the organist of the church, Mr. George D. Atkinson. Assistance will be rendered by Miss Dora L. McMurry, soprano; Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald, baritone; Mr. S. J. Douglas, cornettist, and Miss Carlotta J. Wickson, a talented organ pupil of Mr. Atkinson.

On Good Friday night "Nain," a sacred cantata, will be given by the choir at Parkdale Methodist Church, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury. This composition is written for tenor (the Christ), soprano (the Magdalene) and chorus. These will be sung by Mr. J. H. Alexander and Mrs. A. B. Jury and the choir of fifty voices. The music is full of melody and is a delightful work. Miss Laura G. Shildrick will sing Allitsen's "The Lord Is My Light" in a short preliminary programme.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, it seems, was profoundly impressed with Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which he heard at its first performance in America on Monday last in Chicago by the Apollo Club, assisted by the Thomas Orchestra of eighty-two musicians. On the following Thursday the work was given in New York by the Oratorio Society before an exceptionally large audience, and was received with unmistakable demonstrations of great appreciation. The newspaper criticisms are, with one exception, highly eulogistic, and the leading men, Messrs. Kreibiel and Henderson, are of opinion that the work stamps Elgar as the greatest British composer of the day. I shall, however, quote from the notice of Richard Aldrich in the New York "Times" as lending itself more readily to excerpts. He says: "The 'Dream of Gerontius' shows a vital power, a soaring imagination, a fervor of religious exaltation, a dramatic impulse, a command of the resources of choral and orchestral writing, that put it far above any other piece of music brought forward in England for generations, and that have conquered acceptance for it wherever it has become known, in Germany as well as in

England, and now here. . . . Elgar has put into 'The Dream' precisely the qualities that have been lacking in the modern oratorio to make it a genuine and vital work, an intense religious exaltation and sincerity, expressed in the musical language of to-day and utilizing all the modern resources of musical effect, which he commands with such unerring skill. He has shown that when it is endowed with such qualities, and is no longer a machine-made product of the studio, the oratorio is still potent to command the attention of the musical public." The chorus of praise that "The Dream of Gerontius" has won from representative critics of Germany, England, and now of New York and Chicago, has been so unanimous that it is only reasonable to come to the conclusion that the work must be specially great, and specially impressive. Perhaps we may hear it for ourselves in Toronto in the near future, and there are many significant hints made that Mr. Vogt and his Mendelssohn Choir would be able to produce it with distinction.

Miss Laura Gertrude Shildrick, contralto soloist of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, was most enthusiastically received at the recital in the First Methodist Church, London, on Saturday, March 21. The "Free Press" of that city said: "Miss Shildrick repeated the success of her first appearance at the Morning Musical Club. Her selections on Saturday were very heavy, but, notwithstanding this, she gave them a finished rendering. In tone, quality, flexibility and enunciation this young lady has gifts to be envied. 'The Lord Is My Light' was probably most enjoyed, as in this full power of her magnificent voice was used to advantage."

The Misses Nellie S. Gausby, Mildred Pett, Myrtle Corcoran and Anna C. Jeffrey, piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, assisted by Miss Cecilia J. Mitchell, a vocal pupil of Mr. L. Sajous, gave a recital last Saturday afternoon in the Nordheimer concert hall. A large, fashionable and extremely appreciative audience was present, whose interest was amply justified by the charming programme and the manner of its presentation. From first to last it was a thorough exemplification of good music and interpretation.

Last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music a recital was given by Miss Mary Robertson, pianist, or Harrison, a pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman. Miss Robertson gave a skilful rendering of the following numbers: Chopin, nocturne, F sharp major; Beethoven, "Antar in F"; Liszt, "Liebestraume," No. 3; Rubinstein, "Kamenoi Ostrow." The programme closed with Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brilliant," the orchestral accompaniment on second piano being played by Mr. Welsman. Careful training was in evidence throughout the programme, Miss Robertson doing herself and teacher much credit. Miss Robertson was assisted by Miss Nellie Van Camp, vocalist, pupil of Mr. J. Richardson, who sang Denza's "May Morning" and Mattei's "Carita" with taste and expression.

A song recital was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Thursday night last week by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight, principal of the vocal department, when the concert hall was crowded to the doors. Miss Macmillan, directress of the college, gives large measure of praise to Mr. Blight for building up the vocal department of the school to its present enviable position. The enunciation of the different singers was admirable, and this, coupled with the fact that they sang with ease, added to the enjoyment of the listeners. Mr. Blight has a number of talented pupils, who are unanimous in ascribing their success to his methods. So many of the singers appeared to such good advantage that it would take up too much space to give individual praise. Those giving the programme were Misses Davis, Christina Davidson, Annie Lee, Mary Watson, Alice Bourdon, Mazel Bingham, Messrs. Frederick Whyte, John Maywood, James Milne, Joseph Twigg and Fred Curtis. Miss Dorothy Davis played the accompaniments with skill and judgment. Her ability to transpose anything at sight has brought her into prominent notice in this capacity. Miss Jessie Hill acted as solo pianist and sustained her reputation as a skilled performer.

Mr. David Ross has been engaged to sing with the Symphony Orchestra, Windsor Hall, Montreal, on Good Friday afternoon, and also to create the baritone part at the initial performance of "Hagar," a new cantata by C. E. Wheeler, at London on the 29th inst.

The committee of the Mendelssohn Choir held its annual business meeting on Saturday evening of last week, when it was decided to arrange a plan of work for next season, which will surpass in comprehensiveness and attraction anything ever attempted by the organization. The chorus will be reorganized about May 1, and it is proposed to increase the membership, if it is found that the present high standard of efficiency can be maintained with a larger number of singers. The works to be produced next season will be determined upon as soon as the committee decide which of the great American orchestras will be engaged. Mr. Vogt, the conductor of the choir, goes to Boston on Monday to attend the special performance of Bach's famous Mass in B minor by the Caecilia Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is no secret that Mr. Vogt is on a voyage of discovery, and the result of his observations of musical conditions in the leading cities of the United States will have an important bearing upon the work of his choir in Toronto.

Miss Laura G. Shildrick, one of the soloists of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, held an invitation recital in the theater of the Normal School on Tuesday evening, and gave a varied and most attractive programme before an appreciative audience that filled the auditorium. Miss Shildrick, who is a pupil of Mrs. A. J. Jury, has a rich colored and very mellow mezzo-contralto, which she has under skillful control. Her numbers included songs by Grieg, Elgar, Kjerulff, Mendelssohn, Sullivan, Dudley Buck, Tosti and Allitsen. In all of these she sang with frank but unrestrained expression, and with a very agreeable smoothness of style and method. She was assisted by Mr. H. S. Saunders, violincellist, who contributed several solos

in his usual thoughtful interpretative style and with a good singing tone and neat technique.

The youngest of our vocal societies, the People's Choral Union, made a distinctly favorable impression on their first essay before the public at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The Union was founded by Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the conductor, in September last, with the object of giving instruction in choral singing to the large class of people with musical taste who are not reached by such organizations as the Mendelssohn Choir and the Festival Chorus, to be members of which requires some previous ability to sing at sight and a certain amount of training in music. In other words, the Choral Union is signed to teach men and women the elementary principles of singing. They demand no examination, and an applicant need not know a note of music. The membership is about eight hundred, and at the concert under notice about one-half of these were mustered on the platform. The membership fee is fixed at ten cents a rehearsal night, which covers cost of music, rent of hall and incidental expenses. Making a sympathetic allowance for the material of which the chorus was composed, one is glad to record that the result as shown at the performance was most encouraging and exceedingly creditable. The singers not only gave songs in the homophony style with good intonation, a sonorous tone and fair shading, but also acquitted themselves creditably in music that may be termed polyphonic, or with independent parts. Their most successful effort, especially in regard to the dynamic effects, was in Parker's "Jerusalem," with baritone solo (Mr. A. E. Young) and piano, organ and cornet accompaniment. The constantly-increasing power of sound until the close was reached was excellently graduated, and there was a surprising freedom from that harshness on the climax which one hears so often from choruses of limited experience. A felicitous number was an old English hunting-song in form of a catch, the imitative difficulties of which were surmounted without hitch. Vogrich's setting of "John Anderson, My Joe" was a sweet illustration of unaccompanied singing, and in Beethoven's part-song, "The Glory of God in Nature," evident care had been taken in studying the light and shade effects. The Union was assisted by the Park Sisters of New York, cornettists, who contributed several special numbers of their own, besides joining in the ensemble of "Jerusalem" and Kremser's "Hymn of Thanks," whose co-operation was much appreciated, and Mr. Owen Smily, entertainer, who recited with his accustomed success a poem entitled "Friend or Foe?" written by himself, with humming accompaniment by the chorus, and his amusing sketch, "Some Musical Methods." Mr. Fletcher conducted the chorus in an unostentatious manner, but with careful and effective oversight of his singers.

Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, is a charming singer, with a very beautiful voice, and her second appearance in Toronto on Monday night last at Massey Hall in joint recital with Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Toronto's solo pianist, was welcomed by a large and appreciative audience. Miss Crossley is not an Alboni, the famous contralto of the last century, nor has she so large a voice as Clara Butt, but she has a warm colored voice that is even and satisfying almost throughout its whole compass, and she sings everything with exquisite finish and intellectual judgment. She has no uncouth breaks in her voice like Scalchi or Schumann-Heink, and consequently her singing is more pleasing to fastidious musicians than that of either of those artists. She gave on this occasion an extended selection of thirteen numbers, by Cesti, Giordani, Tschauder, Richard Strauss, Reynaldo Hahn, Bungert, Brahms, Willeby, Martini, Nevin, Rogers and Malinson. Miss Crossley may be said to be most successful in compositions of medium range of emotion. In light work she is not specially felicitous, and she cannot be called a dramatic singer. But in such numbers as Tschaikowski's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht," or in the songs by the old Italian composers, she is at her best. Her temperament does not touch extremes, and it is for this reason perhaps that she will be always more successful in concert room music than in opera or music of perifervid expression.

The Tschaikowski number was beautifully sung, with delightful smoothness, color of voice and finished phrasing, and the two songs by Cesti and Giordani were examples of equally finished delivery and lovely vocal tone. In Willeby's charming "A Garden Song" she was happy in conveying the atmosphere of the poem, and her singing of Purcell's "Hark the Echoing Air" was bright and vivacious, as well as technically neat and clear. Mr. Tripp played Bach's "Toccata and Fugue," as arranged by Tausig, with admirable executive clarity, and later in the evening Beethoven's "Andante in F" two studies by Chopin, Rubinstein's "Barcarolle," Moszkowski's brilliant value in E major, Schumann's "Nachtstück," and the Li-Z transcription of the Paganini "La Campanella," all of which he rendered with well contrasted style and with fine virtuosity, especially the "Campanella." Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments with her characteristic taste and judgment.

CHERUBINO.

Too Exacting.

"Miss Isabel," began the youth nervously, "can you play the mandolin?" "No," replied the maiden. "I never tried to learn it." "Ping pong?" "I detect ping-pong." "Can you do fancy needlework?" "Not a bit. Fancy needlework is a trade." "Are you a stamp collector?" "I have no lads, Mr. Spoonamore." "You pardon me—can you cook?" "Oh, yes. I can do almost any kind of cooking." "Bread, for instance?" "My bread has taken the prize at more than one exhibition." "Can you—can you darn stockings?" "I can." "Sew on buttons?" "To be sure." "Miss Isabel," said the young man, "will you marry me?" "I will not, Mr. Spoonamore. I am afraid I would not suit you. I can't

chop wood or dig up a garden. Our kitchen-maid Betty, though, would make an admirable wife for you. Shall I go and send her in?"

Women Who Lived as Men.

In all countries and in all ages there have been women who lived as men without their secret being discovered. Perhaps the best-known instance is that of the celebrated James Barry. In the early part of the last century this person was actually serving as a doctor in the English army. While employed in this capacity she was stationed successively in South Africa, Malta and the West Indies. At Cape Town, on one occasion, she fought a duel with an officer who had taunted her wits effeminacy! Authentic instances of women serving as soldiers, without their sex being known, are furnished by the official records of the American Civil War. Among the cases brought to light is that of Charlotte Lindsey, who, as a private soldier, took part in the battles of Fort Magruder and Bull Run. Another woman, Frances Day by name, attained the rank of sergeant, and was killed in action.

The manager—Bully! We'll have real horses a real brook, real hens and geese, and real hay. The author—And would you mind having real actors, too?—Life."

Mistress—So you want me to read this letter to you? Maid—if ye please, ma'am. And I've brought ye some cotton wool ye can stuff in yer ears while ye read it!—Punch."

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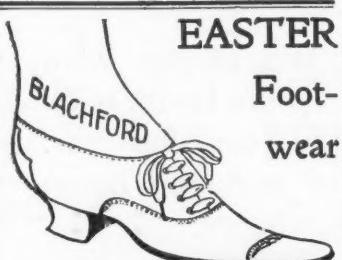
Mistress—So you



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SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE LIBERAL PARTY: A Political History, by J. S. Willison. In two volumes. Vol. II. Toronto: George N. Morang and Company (Limited).

In the second half of his valuable and timely treatise, Mr. Willison rather more than maintains the high standard of literary style and historical scholarship noted in the first volume of the work. It must be borne in mind, as was pointed out in our review of volume I., that the author has set himself to produce something more than a mere biography; he has essayed the elucidation of a period rather than a character, and in doing so he has naturally been compelled to go further afield than the writing of a formal life of Sir Wilfrid would have drawn him. But while it is true of the second volume, as of the first, that it deals primarily with movements, principles, policies and events, it is also true that in these pages the personality and character of the present leader of the Liberal party fills a larger place and casts a longer shadow than in the preceding portion of the story.

The period covered by volume II. of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" is from 1887 to the present. This is the period of Sir Wilfrid's elevation to the chief place in the councils of the party and his subsequent struggle for and attainment of office and power; it is a period filled with great questions and crises, still fresh in the memory of almost the youngest reader. It embraces the concluding events of Sir John Macdonald's long reign—the fisheries dispute, the commercial union and reciprocity agitations, the Jesuits' estates settlement and subsequent "Equal Rights" movement—and later and more important still, the Manitoba School Question, that rock of offence on which the Tory ship came to grief; the preferential tariff, the dangerous issues raised in Canadian politics by the Boer war and its accompanying world-wide wave of Imperialism—indeed, all the great problems which Canadian statesmanship has had to grapple with since the promotion of Mr. Laurier to the post left vacant by the eloquent but unsuccessful Blake.

Mr. Willison handles most of these questions in an admirable spirit of impartiality and candor, not to say detachment. On some obscure passages of the record he throws illuminating sidelights, aducing, or rather suggesting, facts which carry a wealth of significance for the average reader who has not hitherto been honored with the confidence of those in touch with caucus proceedings or possessing secrets of the council chamber. There is, of course, nothing in the volume which can be construed, by any stretch of reasoning, as a betrayal of party confidences; nevertheless Mr. Willison is enabled here and there to let a flood of light into dark places by a judicious use of information which could only come to one occupying his position as editor of the chief Liberal organ.

One of the many excellencies of the work is, however, its marked elevation above the merely partisan point of view. The writer proves that he can be just to men and measures against whom he has had, in a different capacity, to practice a less charitable code of ethics. Not only can he be just—he can be kindly, sympathetic and magnanimous. One is indeed possessed at times by the feeling that Mr. Willison has written this work as much by way of reparation for journalistic injustice to political foes as in tribute to his former friends and political patrons. To Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Sir Charles Tupper and the other great chiefs of the Conservative party he is fair and generous. One of the finest and most moving chapters in the second volume of the work is his description of the personality and political methods, the failings, frailties and virtues of "John A." One feels that it is nothing less than a sincere expression of honest conviction and sentiment which impels the writer of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" to declare: "The Conservatives in Parliament and in the constituencies loved Sir John Macdonald; and few men who had ever followed him could withstand his personal appeal; he had won great victories for his party, he had led them to triumph again and again, and they were grateful and loyal to the end, and mourned for him as for one taken out from their very households. . . . He knew men to the core, and he could play upon their passions and prejudices as the master player upon the instrument he loves. . . . He had clear and definite ideals. He could face a popular clamor with signal courage. . . . He was jealous for the dignity of Parliament, for the integrity of the bench, for the commercial credit of the country, for the legislative independence and self-governing rights of Canada. . . . He was very human, conscious of his faults, happy in his successes and achievements, and upon the whole patient under attacks as savage and persistent as ever fell to the lot of any public man in Canada." Sir John Thompson Mr. Willison describes as a man who for sheer intellectual power has had few peers in the Canadian Parliament, and "as great a lawyer as ever sat in the House of Commons." Of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, he says that "while history will say that he was an extreme partisan, and will refuse to rank him among the greater statesmen of the Canadian Confederation, it will not deny that he kept clean hands and a good heart throughout a very long term of public service, and that his fidelity to his convictions and loyalty to his party were proof even against the extraordinary treatment which he received at the hands of his own political household." To Sir Charles Tupper this tribute is paid: "It is the fortune of a leader who meets defeat to receive derision and ingratitude, and while it may be that with all his bold, constructive genius, Sir Charles Tupper lacked the more persuasive qualities of leadership, this at least is true, that no braver man ever led a party into battle, and no more gallant fight was ever made to save a field than his in 1896." For the late D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. Willison appears to have but a moderate admiration. Of him he writes: "In many respects Mr. McCarthy was an admirable figure in Canadian politics. He was singularly courageous and incorruptible. But in his attitude towards Quebec and in his hand-

ling of questions which touched the passions and prejudices of the French and Catholic people, he was often rash, impulsive, and unjust to the last degree." Elsewhere, in comparing Sir John Thompson with the man whom he superseded in Sir John A. Macdonald's confidence, Mr. Willison pronounces Thompson to have been a far greater lawyer than McCarthy.

But of course it is not for the salient qualities and virtues of Conservative statesmen only that the author of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" has the discerning eye and the ready phrase. The above passages are cited only to show that spirit of judicial impartiality and tolerance that pervades the book and to exemplify Mr. Willison's power to epitomize with a few vigorous strokes the work and character of public men as they appear in the light of popular and contemporary judgment.

On the whole, it must be said that valuable as is Mr. Willison's work as a contribution to the understanding of Canadian questions and conditions, it is yet more delightful as a familiar study of men and of their methods. By reason of its warm personal and human coloring, rather than by the cold and neutral shades of pure scholarship, it seizes upon the imagination and holds it under a potent spell. "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" is a work which cannot fail to command readers wherever there are Canadians who are interested in their country, appreciative of just and tolerant political discussion and open to the charms of a fluent style combined with scrupulous accuracy of statement.

One of the new books published by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited) is "The Sheep Stealers," by Violet Jacob. The story is of the Welsh, and begins at a time when a new general highway law had been passed. Owing to poor harvests and the exorbitant demands made upon them by the toll-keepers there had been many riots at different gates. The villagers of Crishowen form a band, the leader of whom is to be known as "Rebecca." Rhys Walters is chosen for the part. He had been brought up at a college, and was superior to them both in education and in means, but finding life dull entered into the scheme for diversion. Rhys has fallen in love with Mary Vaughan, a barmaid and daughter of one of the toll-keepers. Though he has promised to marry her, he hesitates, and thereby Mary is lost. Being blinded for a moment during an attack on her father's gate, and while he is struggling with him, Rhys is made to believe that he has killed him, though another had struck the old man down. He escapes, falls in with the sheep-stealers, becomes an outlaw, and though near home, lives up in the mountains unknown. A queer chap, George Williams, takes pity on poor Mary, the disgraced, and after having overcome much opposition with a truly admirable courage, marries her. Rhys, who had so readily forsaken her and never given a thought to his baseness, commits suicide on account of the fickleness of a shallow-minded though better-born girl who was not to be compared to Mary Vaughan. Rhys' mother and their old servant Nannie are typical characters, as are all the dramatic personae. The story is realistic and somewhat "small" in tone, but of considerable interest.

A new historical novel, "Calvert of Strathmore," by Carter Goodloe, is published by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited). Calvert is a typical "American" college-bred boy—keen, athletic, practical, not too brilliant, but honest and strong-willed. The incidents gather principally about the United States Legation in Paris, just after the War of Independence and during the years leading up to the French Revolution. Calvert is an orphan and a special protege of General Washington and a great favorite of Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris. He goes to Paris as Jefferson's secretary, and on Jefferson's return to the States he goes to London, as Paris contains a most beautiful French woman, Madame de St. Andre, who has scorned his advances. He passes a couple of years between Paris and London. Very uninteresting years they are, too, in the book, but towards the end there is more "go" to the plot. An enemy, wishing to hurt Madame de St. Andre, tries to ruin her brother politically. Calvert hastens immediately to the center of the gathering revolution and prevents the disaster impending over the young man. There is a duel and a very interesting marriage, and an attempt on the part of Calvert (acting for Gouverneur Morris, the then ambassador in Paris) to rescue the King from the hands of the people. The Reign of Terror does not figure, nor do the great French popular leaders. The book is written more in the vein of a biographical or historical sketch than a novel, and is inclined to be somewhat tedious. There is a very handsome frontispiece by Howard Chandler Christy.

Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announced the second volume of their First Folio Shakespeare, to be published in April. It is "Love's Labour's Lost" and will be distinguished by the same unusual features which mark their "Midsummer Night's Dream"—an absolute reprinting of the First Folio text, abundant notes, variorum readings, glossary, criticism, and every aid which the reader or scholar may require. The style is the dainty "handy volume" form—this being the only accurate text accessible in this fashion. The editors are Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

The remarkable article by Alfred R. Wallace on "Man's Place in the Universe," which has attracted so much attention both in England and this country since its appearance in the March "Fortnightly," is reprinted entire in the "Living Age" for April 4.

The April number of "Mind" begins the twelfth volume of that well-known metaphysical review. It opens with a fine poem by Edwin Markham, entitled "Peace Over Africa," which is accompanied with a portrait and biographic sketch of the author by C. B. Patterson. This article is followed by the first of a series of important papers by John Hazlewood, an author, editor and astrologer of established reputation, on "The Sun Book, an Astro-Metaphysical Study" which will interest every one familiar with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

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Acrobatic Comedians.

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Presenting Victor Herbert's 'The Serenade.'

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Jessie Alexander Harold Jarvis

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Admission, 25 cents.

ARTISTIC

**Smart Tailor-Made
Shirt Waists**

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ORDERED WORK ONLY

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**MRS. JOAN BISHOP
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406 and 408 YONGE STREET

who have been in New York selecting their Spring Goods return to-day and are prepared to show all the latest styles and novelties for the coming season.

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Osteopathy is a scientific method of treating all forms of disease. It is both BLOODLESS and DRUGLESS.

Full information cheerfully given at the office, or literature sent on application.

All treatments given by appointment.

Office hours 10—12 a.m., 1:30—3 p.m.

Consultation free.

Office Phone—Main 3642
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Billiard Tables
For Private Residence,
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We design and build Art Billiard Tables to harmonize

The Snakes of Arizona.

THIS Smithsonian Institution authorities say that more varieties of poisonous snakes are found in Arizona than in any other part of the United States. The best authority on Arizona snakes is believed to be Graham Peck, who has been studying them for years.

"No other region in the United States is so much of a natural breeding-ground for the rattlesnake as is Southern Arizona," says Mr. Peck. "The rocks of the mountains and foothills are of a heavy yellow and gray color and the soil is so like the hues of a rattle that a snake can move slowly along and hardly be perceived by a person fifty feet away. The hot, dry air and the warm, sandy earth and the immense quantity of small birds and ground squirrels in the mountain canyons and brush all combine to make life for rattlesnakes in this region one of rare ease and comfort. There are literally tens of thousands of rattlers in the sage brush and chaparral along the edge of Southern Arizona wastes. They grow to enormous size, and it is common to read of the capture of rattlesnakes five and six feet long, with fourteen and fifteen rattles."

"Hog-nose snakes are quite plentiful in the mountainous parts of Arizona. After all the talk about serpents hissing, this is the only specimen of the ophidian family which I have ever heard utter a sound."

"Many writers on reptiles in America say that thunder snakes are common in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. They are really uncommon in the territories. They are a prairie reptile and are often encountered by prairie travelers, especially before and after thunderstorms. Flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, which are terrifying to bipeds and quadrupeds, seem to have a charm for these members of the ophidian family. Whenever a thunderstorm comes up these snakes come crawling out of holes, from behind rocks and rotten stumps and enjoy the fun while it lasts."

"The coach-whip is remarkable for its tremendous length and surprising speed. It is cream or clay colored, very much like the hard-baked prairie over which it glides, is very long and its scales are arranged in such a manner that they closely resemble the plaited leather of a whip. Not endowed with poison, it has tremendous power of constriction. It forms its body into coils which are capable of crushing sheep, dogs and coyotes. When I was in Lower California in 1890 I was told by a Mexican peon that he had a ten-year-old boy squeezed to death by a coach-whip a few years before. The man said that on another occasion his wife was attacked by a coach-whip which threw its coils about her quicker than she could see. She was too frightened to do more than scream and fall to the ground, when her daughter came running up and quickly released her by merely unwrapping the snake's tail. Strange as this may seem, it is a very easy way to release a victim in the coach-whip snake's grasp, for while the reptile's constricting powers are abnormal, a child may unwrap the coils by being at the tail."

"Do you believe that snakes have the power to charm animals?"

"Yes, there is a certain power to fascinate in a snake's eyes and movements. I saw only the other day a typical illustration of the power of a snake to fascinate. Over in the pine woods I saw a ground squirrel fascinated by the gopher snake. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls. The squirrel seemed to watch it spellbound. The snake crept slowly nearer. When the gopher snake was within two or three inches from the squirrel it gave a leap and threw three coils about the squirrel. Instantly the spell was gone. The fascination or charm there had been over the little animal was no doubt broken. The very moment the serpent's coils were about the squirrel, for the animal gave three convulsive, terrified chirps and realized that its death moment had come.

"I believe implicitly that all snakes have a certain degree of power to fascinate their victims to death. Black snakes, gopher snakes and racers have the power to a large degree. Rattlesnakes have the most fascinating power among all the poisonous serpents in the south-west. The indications of charming among poisonous snakes are deceiving sometimes. Poisonous snakes fang their prey once only. The poison does not kill at once. The victim flutters to a branch, it may be, or runs a short distance and stops. The snake watches it. The poison does deadly work, and the bird falls. Anyone who comes up, not having deceived into imagining that it was the glance of the snake and not the poison that caused the victim to fall."

Height of Mountains.

EXPLORERS have depended on two or three methods of estimating the height of mountains. The favorite resource is the barometer, which shows the pressure of the air, and whose readings therefore diminish in a fairly regular fashion with elevation. Unfortunately, though, this instrument is not infallible. In the first place, even at sea level, in middle latitudes there are constant fluctuations in pressure, owing to the movement of "highs" and "lows." Variations also occur at times up to a height of a mile or two. These grow gradually imperceptible as one ascends, but it is doubtful whether absolute uniformity exists day after day and month after month throughout the year at such altitudes as four and five miles. Consequently, it provokes a smile to see the gazetteers attempting such precision as is indicated in the statement that Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, is 29,002 feet high!

Another plan makes use of the thermometer. Water boils at a lower temperature on mountain tops than on plains. To secure the same degree of "harness," an egg must be boiled longer on Pike's Peak than in Denver. Here again, though, only a rough approximation can be effected; nothing like accuracy is obtainable. Besides, the changes in atmospheric pressure which invalidate the indications of a barometer would likewise cause a trifling variation in the boiling point of a given level, say 14,000 feet.

A third method would seem to be a little more trustworthy, though this requires data that are not always avail-

able, and it, too, has its drawbacks. If a surveyor knows the exact horizontal distance between himself and a mountain, and his own elevation above sea level, he can determine the mountain's height by measuring the angle between the line of vision and a true horizontal. The great difficulty with such an undertaking is to get the one important factor of distance with precision, without an amount of traveling and triangulation which is almost impracticable in a range like the Himalayas. Moreover, possibilities of error are opened up by atmospheric refraction. A peak may not be exactly where it seems to be in the surveyor's telescope. It may be above or below point.

Still another source of miscalculation was discussed a few days ago by "Engineering," a London publication. When a surveyor attempts to determine an angle in a vertical plane he must be sure that the spirit level on his instrument is absolutely truthful. If any unrecognized influence operates to affect it, even to the most minute degree, the value of any computation based on the measurement of angles is impaired. Something like thirty years ago two German professors, Fischer of Stuttgart and Hann of Vienna, expressed the opinion that the nearness of great continental masses, and especially of mountain ranges, would exert enough lateral attraction on a plummet to throw the line which suspended it out of a vertical position. In like manner it would tilt up the fluid in a spirit level, which, like the plummet, is governed primarily by gravitation. British surveyors in India denied this after all, and it was trustworthily after all.

"All Alone.—Have been looking for word from you. Did you tell him 'yes' or 'no,' little woman?"

"Virgil.—How bad of you to send me a study in blue pencil! And if you hadn't been ill, and weren't such a real old blarney, I'd not answer you a bit. I am a student in engineering, which is not an art; pencil can obliterate—the strong, dominant and almost overbearing note of the master born, not made! There is adaptability and fine energy, when you are interested. You think carefully, and then your mind works slow, it is final and sure. When you love you can be kind and generous, but the way to your pocket is a personal feeling. When you give your confidence it is complete. You are not markedly modest, but it is necessary to possess not very marked, but evident. I think, perhaps, there's a good deal more in you than people think. There are hints in pencil. Who are you, anyway, my devoted Virgil?"

"I seem to think like you pretty well, in spite of the pencil, though, at all events, that you are better now."

"P.M.S.—Your writing isn't developed thoroughly. Your birthday brings you under Gemini, the twins, the sign ruling from May 22 to June 21. The June people need to take special care in harmonizing the two sides of which are them. You are bright, clever and self-opinionated, candid and not very tactful, with vivacious mind and narrow experience. Time and thought will, no doubt, widen your horizon. You have a spice of ambition to rise, and will probably succeed."

"Allegro.—Life is short, my lighthearted lady; too short to spend doing you twice. As for the "starology," you're an Aquarius child, and have much of the water-carrier's airy, airy, endearing qualities. The Aquarius sign rules from January 21 to February 21st, so you're a full week within them. These brilliant folk have great gifts, but are apt to undervalue, estimate and squander them. They are the strongest and the wisest people in the world. To learn to know and improve your opportunities is the key of success for you. Not easily imposed on are your people, and have mental and spiritual alertness. You are undisciplined and unusually sensitive nerves and emotions. The habits of laziness, idleness, promise-breaking, vacillation and caprice are the faults you must guard against."

"M.E.B.—Sept. 27 brings you under Libra, too short to escape from Virgo as quite escape her influence. Libra is an Air sign, and is ruled by the planet Venus. You are likely to be as fitful and uncertain as any who is a person born between the 23rd and 29th of September, as you are, would not receive the full individuality of that sign, as he would be born when the sun is on the edge of the sign known as the Cusp, and its nature and influence of the sign through which the sun has passed. Energy, ambition, generosity and inspiration should come to you. Your written on lines. It has good promise of development."

"M.S.—Girl—January 15 brings you under Capricornus, the Goat, the sign very set and fixed in its ways. I have read the book, and, while there is lots of truth in it, it's often so vulgarly put, and the whole book is devoid of inspiration. & I don't think your writing enough developed to study yet. It is at times very uncertain."

"Marey—Affection isn't a Taurus characteristic, though some vain posing may be done. Your writing belies the frank directness of your speech. You have ambition, clear, simple care for detail, and a pleasant receptivity. Try to do more."

"Queequa—It made me feel quite in harmony with you to read the Sunday school class. Don't give it up. I am sure you're a good teacher. Your writing shows innate temperament, love of neatness and appropriateness, tinges of pessimism and a tendency to belittle your own powers. You are rather practically inclined and your will is constant and ready to obey. Try to hope and trust your own powers more. It's what you need. It is at times very uncertain."

"Mary—Affection isn't a Taurus characteristic, though some vain posing may be done. Your writing belies the frank directness of your speech. You have ambition, clear, simple care for detail, and a pleasant receptivity. Try to do more."

"Sober Sides—Do I know that charming home? Well, rather! and the house is it too, and like them well. The generous father, the quiet, observant mother, the gentle, bright, ladylike daughters. I remember the words of rhyme. Don't you sometimes think "snakes"? What a delightful nurse you must be, with all those strong, firm and sympathetic lines, but never given to the blues too much and can be very considerate over you at times. You have refinement, temperament, adaptability and great love of beauty as well as in your lines and much grace of thought. Success to you, my dear."

"Sappho—Of course you will come some warm time. You just let me know for me. And we'll go for a bathe and have a jolly together. You are a Virgo child. So am I—birthdays just three days apart, but how many years! The sign under which you were born gives you certain characteristics which you can either follow or modify as you choose during life. For instance, if you come of an inquisitive month, you can learn to mind your own business, to be a suspicious and jealous mouth to cultivate, fall in and kindness and be generous and patient. I seem to have done your writing; I'm quite sure I have."

"President—Glad you got there on time. You look for account of progress and am interested in the news. I have such a funny story for you some day. The other official is well and busy as ever—too busy to miss the reunions much. Your writing shows—but you didn't ask for a delineation. Hope to hear how things are going."

"Bridgeman—No, I should prefer separate gifts. However, if the usher gives the one you mention you could certainly join in another similar present. It would cost you each about four or five dollars."

"10 a.m.—Deacon Jones no better."

"11 a.m.—Deacon Jones has relapse."

"12:30 p.m.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse failing."

"1 p.m.—Deacon Jones has slight rally."

"2:15 p.m.—Deacon Jones's family has been summoned."

"3:10 p.m.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven."

"Later in the afternoon a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins, and, going to the bulletin-board, made another report concerning the deceased. It was:

"4:10 p.m.—Great excitement in heaven! Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."

"Easter Holiday Trip.

The Grand Trunk will issue round trip tickets between all stations in Canada at single first-class fare; good going Thursday, April 9, to Monday, April 13, inclusive, and valid for return until Tuesday, April 14, 1903. Splendid trains and perfect roadbed ensure a comfortable trip. Tickets and information at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

An Enterprising Rural Editor.

The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley and noted with surprise the promptness of the newspapers to bulletin-board the hourly reports of the President's condition. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterward he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a person of some distinction in the community, so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

"10 a.m.—Deacon Jones no better."

"11 a.m.—Deacon Jones has relapse."

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"It never pays to hurt people's feelings," remarked the Humane Chap. "Oh, I don't know," replied the Wise Guy; "friend of mine makes a pretty good living at it." "Who is he?" "A dentist." Cincinnati "Commercial Tribune."

Motto of the collector—Never put off until to-morrow what can be dunned to-day.—Harvard "Lampoon."

"Got a talking-machine at home?"

"Yes." "What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing. Married it."—"Tit-Bits."

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address correspondence column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Lydian.—There are thought, deliberation, pleasant temper, discretion, practical and well-controlled effort, and a good deal of sympathetic feeling and tact. Your lines are not very magnetic, but there is much magnetism in your easily-flowing writing, even if it's a bit studied. There is no impatience, self-will, or temper in it. I should fancy you love art and music and are only quite at ease in refined and harmonious surroundings. The signs of decision and some strong lines may be youth showing itself.

All Alone.—Have been looking for word from you. Did you tell him 'yes' or 'no,' little woman?

Virgil.—How bad of you to send me a study in blue pencil! And if you hadn't been ill, and weren't such a real old blarney, I'd not answer you a bit.

I am a student in engineering, which is not an art; pencil can obliterate—the strong, dominant and almost overbearing note of the master born, not made!

Lydia.—There are thought, deliberation,

**WHAT SEEDS DO YOU USE?**

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same all over—everybody looking for a chance to buy things cheap. The everlasting rush for bargains is well enough in its way, but you can't afford to juggle in regard to seeds. Weeks and months of time and energy will be wasted if you get poor ones and the only safe way is to insist on

STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS
THE KIND THAT GROW!

Never any disappointment with them. We charge what good seeds are worth to begin with, and keep the business on a solid foundation by improving the quality year after year. We have enormously the biggest trade of any seed house in Canada. Such things don't happen by chance.

All kinds for farm and garden on sale by all reliable dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue and place orders early. Insist on Steele, Briggs' Seeds, and avoid all substitutes.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED
"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

BRANCH STORE
WINNIPEG, MAN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Curious Bits of News.

On account of the thieving propensities of the "paleface" the Western Indians have abandoned their old burial custom of depositing valuables belonging to the deceased with the corpse. The "Breeze" of Bliss, Indian Territory, is authority for the statement that the Indians now place money in the bank and put the certificate of deposit in the coffin for the dead Indian to take along to the Happy Hunting Grounds, as they have found this to be a much safer method.

Perhaps the most extensively traveled lady in the world is Mrs. Crossley of Indianapolis. She is now preparing to make her twenty-first voyage round the world. She has crossed the Atlantic no fewer than seventy times, has made twelve journeys to the top of the Pyramids, and has visited every town of note in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. All this amount of traveling, too, she has crowded into eighteen years, and she possesses a wonderful collection of curiosities from every quarter of the globe.

The fact that the birth of Marconi has cut short the claim of other Italian towns to this distinction. Florence, however, has discovered that the inventor went to school there between his sixth and tenth years. There has also been discovered an aged lady, Signora Luisa Cavallero, who taught young Marconi how to read, and she says that she was obliged to punish him many times because he was very naughty, and since he has become a great man her conscience has severely reproached her. "Fancy punishing a genius!" she exclaimed. "At the same time," she added in extenuation, "he was never able to learn anything by heart. That was impossible with him."

Perhaps the most interesting gift to the Pope on his Pontifical jubilee was an ancient clock, in the form of a planisphere, dating from 1725. It was constructed at Plaisance by the mathematician Barnardo Facini, who presented it to the wife of Philip II. of Spain. The planisphere gives the hours and the minutes, according to the Italian and Spanish style, the lengths of days and nights, according to the seasons, the daily position of the sun according to the signs of the zodiac, solar and lunar eclipses, the real seasons and the seasons according to astronomy. Notwithstanding the enormous progress made in mechanics since its construction, the movement of the wheels is absolutely unknown. When once it broke down no one was found able to repair it.

A Smuggling Yarn.

Recently the detective department of the United States customs at Boston received information from the other side that a man of certain description had sailed on one of the Cunarders for Boston; that he had a steamer trunk and a grip of unusual construction for luggage. The trunk was reported to be innocent and ordinary, but "keep your eye on the grip and on the man," were the special instructions.

In due season the Cunarder arrived with the man and the luggage as described. Asked to declare his belongings, he refused, falling back on the favorite excuse that he didn't know what he had that was dutiable, or the value of the things he had, and hence would not make a sworn declaration of value; the officers were becoming desperate and chagrined. Finally, came the last resort in customs examination; the victim of suspicion was asked to disrobe, and on doing so under protest and profanity and evident confusion, a big porous plaster was discovered between his shoulders, and was ordered removed, when the jewels were found

A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea to say something that will induce their friends to try it.

\$545.00 in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to

Easter Styles in Paris.

Paris, March 21.

YOLES, etamines, eoliennes, smooth and rough faced cloths in all the soft pastel shades; light-weight wools of the cashmere variety, shot and plain taffetas, lousine printed and soft pompadour designs—Voilà un tas de jolies choses—all are to serve as material for Easter toilettes! When one adds to this incrustations of guipure, flounces of tiniest and finest Valenciennes, fine "pinchings," tuckings and all manner of drawn work which may be included under the head of lingerie trimming, effective embroideries and every kind and fashion of passementerie, one has effects that tax even the native enthusiasm of the French saleswoman to describe adequately. To put her extravagance of hyperbole into plain English one must admit that never have the modes seemed more elaborate or more perfectly adjusted to individual taste and preference than now. Luxury, smartness and artistic effects are all presented; the owner of a full purse has an embarrassment of choice, and the modish woman with only a moderate dress allowance has—what is not true in every season—a chance to be original and still strictly within the pale of correct dressing.

The manufacturers themselves deserve credit for a great deal of the charm of the season's fashions. They have presented old materials in designs novel and much more beautiful than seen heretofore. The veilings are particularly original this year; for while the plain veilings are still in excellent style there are a lot of voiles that combine fancy weavings which give the effect of semi-invisible patterns. Other veilings have a glossy silk sheen, and, besides the silk and wool mixtures, a great deal of linen thread is worked into stuffs of this sort. But particular stress should be laid on the veilings with a sort of invisible pattern running over their surfaces. Even so trite an article as foulard silk comes out in original patterns, these including novel arrangements of spots; for, as far as is seen now, the spotted foulards are more modish than the flowered ones. The designs include spots of various sizes arranged in curious clusters and comprising several tones of the same color that make up patterns quite new. It is somewhat early yet to speak of the success of foulard gowns, but the best tailors are using foulard as trimming, thus carrying on the fashion set last year. Shot taffeta silks seem sure to go this year, and there are shot effects to be seen also in the thin silk and wool stuffs. A pretty novelty used as a trimming is a plaid lousine silk, excellent as strappings and facings to tailored gowns.

Easter in Paris brings no decided jumps into the styles of another season, as is characteristic of other parts of the world, but the end of Lent still marks the moment when the gowns and fashions of the winter are discarded for something new. Fashions evolve, they never leap, in Paris, and therefore there are no astonishing changes to record. After the New Year the idle members of Parisian society go to the Riviera, the feminine contingent with trunks full of new gowns especially designed for the sunny skies there to be found; and these are sure to represent the first expression of the Paris couturier in regard to the new toilettes. By February the foreign buyers are here, on the lookout for spring and summer models, which must be ready for them at that time. While in Paris no one outside of the business world is conscious of the existence of summer models, the dressmakers, in serving their private clients, can hardly refrain from drawing on their new ideas. Therefore many fancies which properly are supposed to be reserved for a later season, appear first as modish examples of winter gowns made up date.

There is a certain economy in a gown of that sort, for one is not afraid to let it lie over for another season. There are undoubtedly two excellent ways of caring for one's wardrobe; one is to wait until the season opens, and then order sufficient gowns to carry one through it; the other is to keep one's dressmaker continually employed. The first is the simpler method; but the second is generally the choice of the Parisienne, who finds not only a recognized duty, but a keen delight in the constant care and renovating of her wardrobe. With the aid of a competent dressmaker, an courteous with possible or impending changes, she is always up to date. There is some subtle touch in the arrangement of her winter furs that promises a spring costume which, in its turn, holds out some hint of the season to come. So now, while there is a bewilderment of choice, one may be sure that nothing unexpected will happen when spring has really come.

At the Auteuil races the weather was warm and sunny, and the open carriages brought out to the Bois women with gowns fertile in ideas for spring costumes. There was a noticeable costume in heavy white cloth, trimmed with an embroidery done in white and green. A feature of the trimming was applications of white linen, surrounded with fancy stitches done in white and green silk. This combination of linen on cloth presenting a novel and modish idea. The bolero was trimmed in the same way with a design running down the fronts, continuing on the skirts, to give a princess effect. The ends of the bolero were finished in a passementerie fringe showing the two colors, and elaborate passementerie ornaments closed it. Really little of the short jacket showed, for there was a deep collar over the shoulders (probably one of the silky linens in vogue), strapped with the white cloth, and inset with lace and linen embroideries, and there was a high green belt under the bolero.

There was also to be seen at Auteuil an excellent example of one of the dolman tailored suits, which was quite novel. This was in a soft gray cloth, trimmed in iridescent red and blue silk. The pleated skirt had a band of this silk about the bottom, with a design in red and black braid running over it, and the jacket was trimmed in the same fashion. Under the short, loose dolman sleeves were close pleated sleeves of the fancy silk trimmed with the braid, and braid ornaments and cordeliers closed the garment.

Although boleros have become decidedly popular again, a good many of the short coats are now made with some little trimming of tabs taking the place of the fancy coat-tails of last season. Now that the backs of skirts are universally pleated or show some fulness, the little jacket ends are as close and tight as possible. A



pretty idea, shown on a tailored suit of black and white mixed cloth, consisted of tablike ornaments woven of a mixed black and white braid. The skirt was cut with a yoke extending in two narrow panels down the back, and this was embroidered in the black and white braid. It seems rather a fashionable whim to carry out on the skirt a design begun on the jacket, thus giving something of a princess effect, without its severity.

One of the first details to be enjoyed in the spring finery will be the long, loose coats of silk or linen toile lined with fancy batiste. This linings toil is a new idea as far as its use on coats is concerned, and while nothing can be more strongly recommended as a novel, conservative woman will probably prefer the silk garment—at least for the spring. But the coats are loose and built much on the same model that has prevailed this winter, and the loose batiste lining is a new feature that cannot be ignored. These linings have the advantage of costing little in the beginning, yet they must be kept perfectly fresh and unruffled. The pretty, figured batistes are best for the economically inclined, since they require little or no trimming, while many of the plain, thin linings are extravagantly adorned.

The silk coats will be serviceable, as well as modish, but the very thin coats are too lovely to be passed over with only a word. Those of toile are fully covered with peltries of lace and elaborate embroideries, and are closed with complicated cordeliers and ornaments. A coat just completed by a Rue de la Paix couturier is made entirely of figures of ecru linen and Irish lace, with an embroidery in dull shrimp pink thrown over this. The collar and cuffs are of pink cloth, strapped with linen and inset with lace, and the lining is of shirred pink mousseline de soie. Some of the daintiest of these thin coats are made of tiny lines of Valenciennes lace and equally narrow straps of linen hung over silk foundations. A pretty summer coat is a coat of plain thin white muslin elaborately trimmed with lace and hung over a bright silk in a Pompadour design.

This fashion for thin linings may be partly responsible for the large quantity of beautiful thin stuffs which the market produces. The great novelty of the season is the veiled patterns. Some of the silk gauzes show artistic flower designs, which seem to be seen through a veil of smoke. There are also heavy black silk nets lying over thin silk gauze, printed in Pompadour designs. These silk gauzes will be the first choice this spring for elaborate indoor gowns.

A material which shows a little Pompadour stripe, veiled with a gray, smoky surface, is made up with a skirt sheltered in a yoke about the hips and trimmed with a lot of tiny pleats about the bottom, finished by a double puff. This hangs over a pink silk foundation made with many ruffles. The blouse is shirred about the throat, which is cut without a collar, and again at the waist in such a fashion that no belt is necessary.

In place of a cloaker, a band of black velvet ribbon, tying in a bow behind, is worn. The collar, a very deep, elaborate affair, is of black guaze, embroidered with a white Valenciennes lace design, and with the ends finished with a black fringe reaching down to the waist line. There are also long floats of black ribbon velvet. The sleeves are shirred close at the tops, and are cut to pull out at the elbows over a ruffle of black guaze trimmed with white lace.

One of the little linen lawns that have all the brilliancy of silk have a white ground with a narrow Pompadour pattern printed on pale blue stripes. The skirt is cut by a lot of lace entrelac, headed by the tiniest ruching of blue mousseline de soie. About the shoulders is a fichu which tucks under the belt in front and fastens over it in the back, with two rounded ends that hang on the skirt like coat-tails. This fichu is made of lace entrelac edge and blue ruchings, and the gown beneath is trimmed with several rows of entrelac, and is finished about the throat in the circular, collarless fashion. The belt, which runs up high in front, is of blue silk, and the fichu fastens in the back with a blue bow. The sleeves, cut close at the top and to make full bags over the elbows, are trimmed with many lines of lace.

The fashions which have become familiar to us in the white English embroideries appear in silks and linen stuffs. A model for a summer gown is a pale blue linen with an openwork embroidery in this fashion done in black and white floss. The pleated blouse and bottom of the pleated skirt are trimmed with this embroidery and the very bottom of the skirt is finished by a band of black satin, half covered with big French knots done in white floss. This idea of trimming the very bottom of the skirt is now much liked. The belt is of black satin, closed with a big Directoire buckle of black satin and blue enamel. The blouse opens to show a narrow vest and small empiecement and choker of finely pleated white linen. The choker is half covered by a black satin band, from which falls a rabat of embroidered linen.

A number of the summer models, both

for cloaks and costumes, appear in a thick, soft linen stuff which suggests blotting paper. In fact, the French call it "toile bavard." It makes smart summer tailored suits trimmed with many patches of the same stuff and black cotton braid or ornaments. Piques, especially those dotted and figured, are prominent among the summer models, and they are made dressy with fancy braids and cotton cordeliers and ornaments. A handsome example of a white pique flecked with black has a pleated skirt with the pleats held about the hips by straps of fancy cotton braid, showing a design like that of ermine. This design is one of the hits in summer trimmings. In this instance the braid is again used on the bottom of the skirt, and also to trim a deep collar on the blouse.

Hats are far less flat than they were during the winter. In fact, the most astonishing novelty has a decided turn-up to the brim in the back and a little to one side. This gives a becoming line to the figure, and is a relief after the flat hats which have been so universally worn, and which are still seen. But most women are now putting up their hair for the street, and this will be sure to kill the very flat shapes which are impossible with a high coiffure. The round turban shapes are excellent styles, and there will probably be more of them this spring than any other one shape. The three-cornered shapes are in again, and indeed seem never destined to go out; and there are very smart and dressy shapes of walking hats which stick out in rather exaggerated fashion in front and turn up sharply on the sides. An example of this shape in an elaborate white straw is trimmed by a single large black velvet bow placed on one of the turned-up sides. Pretty summer hats are almost covered with but not made of small flowers. The flowers are quite perfect, and are mingled with foliage. Naturally roses are conspicuous in this design, but all the small flowers, such as hyacinths and anemones, are used. It is rather a find to visitors not quite so popular this year as before.

The Spring's Fashions for Men.

THE "Sartorial Art Journal" says of the season's styles: "They are not only near faultless from an art point of view and so excellent in utility that none can fail to please the eye of the artist and charm the utilitarian, but their variety is so great that those who rejoice in a multiplicity of styles can, if they are financially able, rejoice in them through the season with greater rejoicing than they ever rejoiced before in a similar way."

As to the new features, the same authority says that there will be less amplitude than was fashionable last season in all garments during the incoming spring and summer. Men's shoulders will seem to have lessened in width and squareness, their hips will appear less effeminate, and their legs will more emphatically assert their side curves. Overcoats of the sack type will be somewhat shorter and less boxy, and all overgarments will be noticeably narrower and lower of shoulder and longer and lighter of roll." Coats will be more open in front than they were last season, and the roll will be narrower. Cutaway coats will be more sloped away below the waist, sarks will be shorter and less shaped to the figure, and the frock coat for day dress will be a trifle shorter. Waistcoats will also be cut lower and both single and double-breasted styles will be worn. With business suits the single-breasted waistcoat cut well away from the lowest button, and with day dress double-breasted waistcoats with buttons set on V-shaped, will be worn. Trousers will fit closer at the hip, and there will be more spring over the shoe. On the subject of trousers the "Sartorial Art Journal" says: "The semi-peplums are so emphatically things of the past that any legs around which they may be seen to flop in the incoming season will probably belong to a college student, who follows no fashion but that of his college, or to a—some one who ought to know better."

The head of an old established tailoring establishment said: "This will be a big season for blue serge and blue flannel suits. A Cup race year always creates a boom in that direction. People who never saw a yacht race, to say nothing of owning or going on a yacht, order yachting costumes just to be in it." There seems to be a desire on the part of some people to bring back the knickerbocker for golf, and some men have ordered outfits of that style. But they will be unable to create a demand for the knickerbocker, the tailors think, and fancy striped flannel trousers will be as popular as they were last season. For several years the double-breasted frock in light colors has been worn by tall men. It will be seen again this season more frequently than heretofore, and will have as companion the long cut-away frock coat. This will be worn

with and without hip pockets. In furnishing goods the styles are all moderate in tone. The high colored and large figured shirts of a few seasons ago have disappeared entirely, and in their places the shops show neat patterns of black and white and some solid colors. The white summer shirt in stripes and plaids, with plain and pleated fronts, will be worn extensively, and will dispense to a great extent the fancy shirt. The loud hosiery has also had its day. This season's styles are, like the shirt, neat and subdued in tone. Black with small figures and black with fancy clocks will be popular. White socks with black or colored side stitching were worn last summer by many men, and it is probable that similar hosiery will be worn this season, but black will be the prevailing color. In speaking of the white sock, a haberdasher said: "Warm weather plays great pranks with set styles. Men who would not dream of wearing a white waistcoat with a dinner coat in town think it the proper thing when they are at the summer resorts. They wear a white necktie, also, with their short coat, and as to the straw hat, that has become quite the proper thing, although the older boys can remember when a straw hat with evening clothes would have been as admissible as Shaker knit mittens at an 8 o'clock dinner. With the straw hat, the white tie and the white waistcoat, in conjunction with the dinner coat, there was nothing to stop the white socks, and they are certainly as much in place as any of the other warm weather reforms."

Nickwear for spring and summer will be neat rather than loud, and the shapes will be like the materials. The two inch four-in-hand in solid colors, fancy stripes and small figures will be worn until warm weather dispenses it. Then the wide end will have its day. The straight, old-fashioned string tie which has not been worn for several years, will be seen again if some courageous manufacturers have their way. They made large sample lines of these goods in widths ranging from three-fourths of an inch to one and one-half inches in many colors, but it is safe to predict that no matter how hard they are pushed the string ties will not displace the flare end and batwing articles, of which haberdashers show large and well selected lines.

The Hotel Chaplain.

One of the most striking proofs of the increase of hotel-dwellers in large cities is the movement which has been started to provide special chaplains for those who sojourn casually or permanently in the big and little hosteries. In New York a Hotel Chaplains' Society has been formed, which includes representatives of most forms of religious belief, as well as prominent hotel-keepers. The Rev. H. M. Warren, who has given up his church to devote himself to the work, thus explains the methods of the association: "No creed or church, you see, is concerned in the hotel chaplain movement. I am only one of them. If a

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patron of the hotel be ill or need the services of a clergyman, I may be called first, but through me any other clergyman will come. I am glad to say that I have lists of every creed, where men have said they were willing to come. That there is a field for the work is proved by the fact that when I first started there was hardly one call for me a week. Now there are as many as three or four a day." It does not appear how the chaplain's salary is to be paid, but this notice has appeared in all the large hotels: "Guests, patrons and friends of this hotel wishing the services of a clergyman are respectfully informed that they may call upon Rev. H. M. Warren,

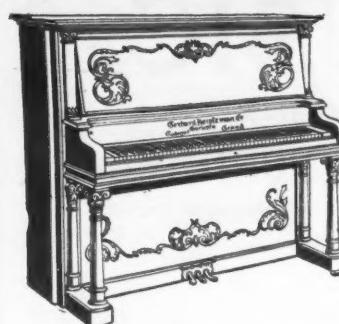
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First darkey—Dat's de mos' convenient arranged farm I ever seen. Second darkey—Dat's so. De chicken house am located in the watahmiyun patch.—"Judge."

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Snapshots of Birds.

A TREE trunk stalked through the forest.

It was seven feet tall and two feet in diameter, hollow, festooned with vines. Inside it young man with a camel stood erect.

This tree trunk was made of cheesecloth stretched over a frame of hoops and uprights. The cloth was painted brown—a bark color—and strips of bark were fastened to it here and there. Strips of wild vine clung to it also, while its top was covered with vine leaves.

The young man inside advanced, carrying this trunk along with him, and every little while he would pause and peer into the forest depths with the surreptitious air of a thief.

Suddenly, quietly, he came to a stop. His eyes were fixed upon a certain spot in a tree that stood before him. He raised his camera to a hole in the cheesecloth, focused it, then waited.

An hour he waited, two hours, three hours.

The day was warm, and the sun beat through the vine leaves not on to the young man's head, but not a breath of air reached him inside his cheesecloth shelter. His hair was wet with perspiration; his face shone with perspiration; a swarm of little flies, buzzing eternally, tormented him. Nevertheless, with indomitable patience he stood, motionless and silent, inside his cheesecloth tree trunk, waiting.

And finally a bird appeared (a mother bird) at the tree where he faced. She had a worm in her mouth, and she flew straight to the spot that the young man had been regarding. Here there was a nest, and from it now a hungry and faint squawking arose. She stood on the edge of the nest; she gazed down at the three fledglings within that stretched their necks up to her, their mouths open very wide; she put into the mouth of the nest the worm from her own mouth.

As she did so there was a faint click. The young man in the cheesecloth tree trunk had photographed her—photographed her in the very act of feeding her young. He took off the cheesecloth trunk now, lifting it over his head as a woman does her skirt, and he stepped

out from that hot confinement into the forest coolness. He smiled, for he believed he had obtained a good picture. He put his tree trunk under his arm. He walked away at a brisk pace.

Some photographs so obtained give the beholder a shock, for they reveal secrets of animate nature that had been thought to be inviolate. To see a wild and timid little bird standing over her helpless fledglings, with their mouths enormously wide open, she with a worm in her bill, and then to see the mother put her bill into one of those wide-open mouths, so see her help the fledglings to masticate and swallow the worm—that is a sight that hardly a man has ever held.

Sometimes the photographer will make his pictures from within an artificial cow. The cow is portable. It is composed of thin muslin stretched over a light framework of split bamboo. The muslin is painted a cow color, and here and there in it are holes for the lens to peer through.

Many a time in the country the farmer has seen the photographer advanced with his portable cow on his shoulder, and, following curiously, has beheld the young man set up the animal in a field and get inside it. From it he can study the most intimate secrets of bird life. The little creatures, perched only two or three feet away from him, will conduct themselves as though he was not there; and thus, pointing his camera from one of the porches in the side of the cow, he is able to get phenomenal pictures.

Sometimes, again, the photographer hides himself in an umbrella. He hangs from the rib points of an open umbrella a circular veil of some thin, dark muslin that covers him completely, and inside this he stalks through the woods looking for birds.

"In order to secure young birds at the time they are ready to leave their nest," said this photographer the other day, "it is necessary to watch them carefully and to remember that the young of different birds leave their nests at different stages of development. For example, young grouse, quail and woodcock leave the nest almost immediately after coming from the eggs, just as chickens do. Ground birds, such as field

sparrows and bobolinks, usually leave it before they can fly at all. Birds whose nests are at some distance from the ground seldom leave them until their wings are fairly well developed. For the smaller birds the age is about twelve days. So you see that in order to know when to expect the young to leave you must know something of the bird and its habits."

"When the young are about ready to leave the nest, make all your arrangements before disturbing them. Select a suitable support; a growing branch on which there are not too many leaves is best, and it is well to isolate this branch by cutting away the immediate surroundings, or otherwise the young will hop about from twig to twig and so get outside the field of your camera. Be sure when focussing on the support to leave sufficient space for the old bird on each side of the young. Do not forget that the weight of the birds will cause the branch to sag; so allow for this when placing the camera. On the choice of the background much depends. A light background is the best."

"In taking the fledglings from the nest be careful not to let them escape, for their powers of hiding are wonderful. Let them once scramble into the scrub, and it may take you hours to find them again. The most certain way is to put them in a bag; then one by one they can be taken out and placed on the branch. As a rule the young rascals will not do anything you wish; they will not stand on the twig; they will fall backward or forward, as though their legs were paralyzed. But just keep on putting each birdling in its place, no matter how often it falls off, and after a while it will lose its obstinacy and behave as a young should."

"Now we will consider that all the young ones are sitting quietly on the branch, and you have your camera in readiness. The next step is to induce the mother bird to come. For your success in doing this patience is necessary; but by far the most important consideration is the bird's disposition. Should she be naturally tame, your troubles will be few. I once spent two entire days in trying to coax a chewink to come and find her young, who were posing before the camera, but without success."

Indians Resort to the Divorce Court.

THE Indians of South Dakota have discovered the beauties of the divorce laws of that State, and are taking advantage of them. The Chamberlain correspondent of the New York "Herald" declares that at the present rate of increase, the Indian divorce mill of South Dakota will in five years become more extensive than the ready-made divorce factory for Easterners, and adds: "While an Indian divorce was an unheard of thing half a decade ago, sixteen petitions for legal separation have been filed at Oacoma alone during the last year by full-blooded Sioux bucks and squaws."

Divorces have come to the Indians as one of the heritages of civilization. The Indian officials have been trying for twenty years to induce the Indians to be married according to the white man's law. Now they have almost succeeded. But the same law has taught them the interesting fact that they can change wives or husbands. They fail to understand that the divorce law is anything but a means of attaining the luxury of an unlimited number of marriages. Many bucks and squaws who know not a word of English, and bear no mark of civilization except that of clothes, come to the attorneys' offices here and in Oacoma and ask for divorces when they have no other reason but a desire to form a new marriage. They point to other Indians who have had many wives, and ask why they cannot when the law provides the way.

When the Indian tribes were placed on reservations and cut off from their native wild life, their respect for their own social laws dwindled. It was not long until many were living in utter disregard of family obligations. Bucks deserted squaws and squaws took on new husbands without any formality, and without any reason except their whim. Bigamy was erased from the calendar of tribal offences. It was to remedy this evil that the government officials and the church missionaries demanded that the Indians be married according to the South Dakota laws. Now that they have found out about the divorcees they seek to return to their old free life through the divorce avenue. At the last term of court at Oacoma, Burnt Prairie, a well-known old warrior, testified proudly that he had had thirty-six wives. The new order of things means that his son will probably want as many wives, but will endeavor to have them in compliance with the white man's law, through frequent application to the divorce courts."

"The Indian marriage of to-day is a curious mixture of civilized methods and tribal ceremonies," continues the correspondent. "Unwilling to give up their traditional customs, the Indians are now using both the tribal and civilized marriage laws.

The young buck chooses his squaw in the manner of the Sioux, then is married by a justice of the peace or a missionary clergyman. Justices of the peace in Oacoma, it is said, have been visited by as many as thirty couples at the same time, all demanding immediate marriage. The Episcopalian missions are proving most popular, however. The Indians are mystified and charmed by the elaborate ceremony of the Episcopal marriage, so they now look up these churches to finish the elaborate tribal custom of choosing wives and husbands. They want to be married by high church form. They think this more in keeping with their own ceremony than the few, informal words in a dingy little justice's office. As many of the Indian marriages must be performed through interpreters, so the divorce hearings are carried on largely through intermediaries. It is a novel sight to witness copper-hued Sioux Indians, tribesmen with those who slew Custer's army, sitting about a courtroom and watching with solemn mien the red tape of a modern court."

The Humorist's Heroine.

I was awry. For a whole evening I had sat, listlessly chewing the end of my pen-holder and waiting for the ideas to come. Suddenly she jumped right out of the ink-well.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm the girl that goes into all your jokes," she replied with some asperity.

"Wish you'd get into a few of them

right away," I sighed.

"No, sir; not another one. You have stood me under the Christmas mistletoe, hung my stocking up for my little brother, made me listen to impossible New Year's vows, dressed me in bathing suits in November for publication in the summer and in sealskins in July for printing in the winter; you have made me tell about Italy lying beyond the Alps as a graduate, and compelled me to make impossible pies in cooking-school; you have engaged me to the wrong man every time and mixed me up in divorce cases in Dakota on the same day that you had me shaking rice off my hat in New York. I have stood it as long as I intend to. I strike right now."

"But," I protested, "I was just going to get you a nice new silk dress and the prettiest Easter hat you ever heard of."

"I'm going to strike."

"And all the other girls would be dying with envy."

"It makes no dif—"

"And I was going to marry you to an English duke—"

"I don't care."

"And he would turn out to be a matine hero in disguise."

"Well, I suppose it would be mean of me to quit without giving you fair warning," she smiled, going back into the ink-well.—"Judge."

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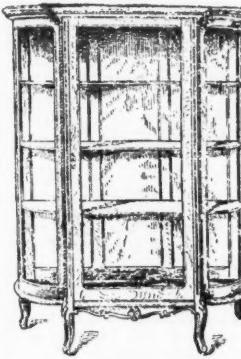
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Right away."

"No, sir; not another one. You have stood me under the Christmas mistletoe, hung my stocking up for my little brother, made me listen to impossible New Year's vows, dressed me in bathing suits in November for publication in the summer and in sealskins in July for printing in the winter; you have made me tell about Italy lying beyond the Alps as a graduate, and compelled me to make impossible pies in cooking-school; you have engaged me to the wrong man every time and mixed me up in divorce cases in Dakota on the same day that you had me shaking rice off my hat in New York.

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